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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK..... 291

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Who is Destroying Confidence?..... 294
The Steel Stock Dividend..... 294
Plasterer and Artist..... 295
Mr. Chamberlain's Bid..... 296
New Light on Gladstone..... 296

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

Teachers and Cholera in the Philippines.—II. 297

CORRESPONDENCE:

Honor Thy Union..... 299
Governmental Irrigation..... 299
The American College President..... 300
Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love"..... 300
Director Ricci..... 301

NOTES..... 301

BOOK REVIEWS:

Napoleon's Rule in Germany..... 304
Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy..... 306
The Life of Benvenuto Cellini..... 306
Practical Journalism..... 306
"Monna Vanna"..... 307
Autori Italiani d'oggi..... 307
What is Meaning?—The Principles of Mathematics..... 308

BOOKS OF THE WEEK..... 309

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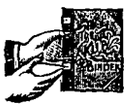

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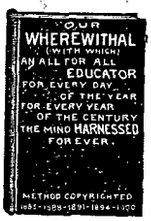

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The Week.

Senator Proctor's Rutland speech reads like that of a miserable anti-Imperialist. His open dislike of expansion over non-contiguous territory; his shrunken ambition which would be contented with such a pent-up country as could be bounded by the two oceans, the Arctic Circle, and the Gulf of Mexico; his sentimental concession to the desire of all people to "govern themselves"—why, the weakling and the craven seem suddenly to have clasped hands in this leading Republican Senator. The President will have to threaten him with a repetition of the speech exhorting us not to be afraid of being great. Rather than hear that again, we presume that Mr. Proctor would consent to annexing the most distant isles of the sea—or would even flee to them. His utterance, however, is a sign that the sobering-off period is about due after our Imperialistic, as well as after our speculative, debauch.

Senator Allison, in his speech at Clinton, Iowa, on Saturday night, dispelled any doubt that may have lingered regarding the attitude of Congress this winter towards the currency question. He expressed the belief that no change would receive the sanction of a Republican Congress that would "so revolutionize our system as to deprive the Government itself of the substantial control that it now has and exercises over bank circulation, as well as over other forms of paper money." This means, of course, that no asset currency scheme will make headway in Congress prior to the next election. Senator Allison, however, is of the opinion that legislation will be enacted this winter to relieve the nation from the inconvenience arising from the accumulation of money in the Treasury. It is a question how far others will share this view. The matter of so changing the policy of the Treasury as to accomplish this very desirable end is one which will arouse a sharp conflict of opinion—possibly as sharp as would be created by an attempt to substitute an asset currency for our present banknote circulation. While a measure allowing the Treasury to deposit both its customs and its internal-revenue receipts in the banks on the same terms as individual depositors, would command the approval of economists and business men, it is probably useless to expect any action along this line in the immediate future. On the other hand, when it comes to the question of enacting a law permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit his surplus funds on other collateral than United States bonds, there is the possibility of endless arguments and delays.

The tariff, of course, came in for a large share of Senator Allison's attention, the burden of his remarks being that though our tariff and currency laws are not without defects, these may best be cured by the Republican party. Probably nothing would please the country better than to have the party demonstrate that fact. Secretary Shaw also contributed to the tariff discussion of last week by his speech at Akron, Ohio. Mr. Shaw has a way of presenting surface facts that is quite impressive, as when, last Saturday, he said: "Our farms produce $4,000,000,000. our shops and factories produce more than all the shops and factories of any other two countries on the map by $3,000,000,000 per annum. The productive capacity, without duplications, amounts to $11,000,000,000, of which we export, in round numbers, $1,500,000,000, and import $1,000,000,000." This is, of course, magnificent, but it could be wished that the connection were shown a little more clearly between these figures and the tariff. Mr. Shaw's calm assumption of a cause and effect here is followed by this statement: "Suppose we open the doors and allow Europe to clothe us and furnish us our manufactured products, who will consume the products of our farms, and what shall we do with the products of our factories?" The only answer which this calls for is the further question, If Europe impoverishes us, what advantage will she gain in the long run? Mr. Shaw's weak point is his failure to clearly understand the reciprocal nature of trade.

The Treasury statement for August showed that upwards of $19,000,000 of national banknotes were included in the Government's cash holdings. The September statement showed $15,500,000. Under Secretary Gage the average amount of banknotes held in the Treasury was about one-third of this sum. The rise to the present figures can hardly be accounted for except on the hypothesis that the Secretary has stopped *or* curtailed the redemption of banknotes by the banks issuing them. The Treasury must redeem with its own funds all such notes sent in, but if it fails to call upon the banks for reimbursement, if it fails to enforce the law in that particular, it makes a loan of its own money to the banks, payable on call, and then it holds a sword of Damocles over their heads. If the Secretary has taken this course, he has not only put a new obstacle in the current of banknote redemption, already too sluggish, but he has brought a new danger into the banking system—that of holding command over the reserves of the banks. Mr. Shaw has been very much a law unto himself since he became Secretary, and there is some room for apprehension lest his arbitrary practices end in a misstep of some seriousness both to himself and his party.

The Rhode Island Republicans have appealed to the sort of patriotism that is the last refuge of a scoundrel. In their convention last week they roared as gently as any sucking dove in their remarks on bribery, but they were as fierce as a lion in denunciation of Gov. Garvin for his efforts to stop it:

> "The party declares against bribery and corruption, and, while it condemns such practices in either party, it finds no words of criticism too severe to apply to the Chief Executive who has preached and written throughout his executive career concerning the debauchment of Rhode Island voters, thereby impeaching his own party and defaming the fair name of the State which he has taken the oath of honor to defend."

The Republicans of Rhode Island are not alone in their folly. When Joseph W. Folk began his work in St. Louis there was a wild outcry, not against the highwaymen who had been robbing the city, but against the man who was choking them black in the face. When negro peonage was unearthed in Alabama, Gov. Jelks had soft words for the criminal authors of a new slavery, who had beaten a woman to death; but he could not find language too bitter for the Federal officials who were champions of the oppressed, and for the newspapers that printed the news and exposed his own cowardice. Here in New York, also, the men who have attacked Tammany and its organized vice are always accused of befouling their own nests. In Rhode Island the Republicans make no attempt to deny Gov. Garvin's charges; they dare not, for the facts are known to every intelligent voter. They content themselves with declaring that the man who tries to stamp out bribery is a greater villain than the briber.

The issue, then, is clearly joined. Gov. Garvin's views on proportional representation or on the referendum are beside the mark. In his speech to the Democratic convention he laid stress on the great question of Constitutional reform, and the platform itself demanded this as the first change—pregnant with all others. In order to reduce the contest to its simplest terms, the Republicans have commended as "the foremost defender of our national honor and our national prosperity" Senator Aldrich, the president of the street-railway

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combination which has been the principal beneficiary of the system of corruption; and they have nominated for Governor Col. Samuel Pomroy Colt, its vice-president. With an amazing lack of humor, they crowned their work by attacking "the immense Trusts" that "destroy competition," in spite of the fact that Col. Colt is president of the Rubber Trust and vice-president of the Woollen Trust. The campaign, then, is a fair fight for decent politics; and the protagonists are the people on the one hand, and, on the other, the most unpopular and unscrupulous corporation in Rhode Island.

The completion of the New York Fusion ticket is the signal for an aggressive campaign. The men who have stepped into the breach left by the deserters, Grout and Fornes, are unexceptionable candidates. Mr. Hinrichs, named for Comptroller, has an admirable record in public office, proof that he is equal to the duties he is asked to assume. His character is an appeal to the united Fusion vote; for though a Democrat, he has always shown himself independent. His candidacy for Lieutenant-Governor upon the Gold Democratic ticket is evidence of his willingness to sacrifice partisan advantage to principle. Edward J. McGuire, who is nominated for President of the Board of Aldermen, is recognized as one of the ablest officials of the present Fusion Administration. As Assistant Corporation Counsel, he has conducted some of the most important litigation in which the city has been engaged; in particular, he has distinguished himself in legal work connected with the Dock Board corruption under Charles F. Murphy. Mr. McGuire, too, is a Democrat of the most independent type. He supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896; and he was one of the committee that resisted Croker's attempt to control the judiciary, while in 1898 he conducted an independent campaign for the reëlection of Judge Daly. Both men are eminently suitable leaders in a contest for non-partisan government of New York city.

Mayor Low, in his letter of acceptance, confines himself largely to a review of the many achievements of his Administration. The change from the condition of affairs under Mayor Van Wyck as portrayed by Bishop Potter, would in itself be worth any sacrifice in the way of expense and trouble to which the city may have been put. But the transformation has been so quietly brought about that only those directly interested, like Commissioner De Forest or Mr. Jacob A. Riis, are aware of the full extent of the change. Mr. Low's position is buttressed by the fact that in every single department there have been many important improvements, and that in not one has there been a serious scandal or a financial loss to the city because of dishonesty. The Tammany Hall platform could only make three vague allegations of wrong-doing. Best of all is the tone of Mayor Low's letter. He is naturally generous in his recognition of Mr. Grout's work and the achievements of his subordinates. In short, this is the review of a broad-minded and trained executive who places the welfare of the city above everything else—particularly the interests of State and national parties and politics. As Mr. Low has well put it, the contest is between a government by law and a government by favoritism and the pull. Every honest and unselfish man must demand the Mayor's reëlection and enforce his views at the polls.

Judge Grosscup of the United States Court took the ground on Saturday that the solution of the Trust problem lay in a national law of incorporation. He also believed that should a great party adopt this idea and pass such an act in Congress, the law, if properly drawn, would be sustained by the Supreme Court. His comment is interesting because it brushes aside the paraphernalia of suppression of Trusts *qua* Trusts and goes straight to the desideratum of sound and uniform corporation law. There is little promise that the States will ever make their laws of incorporation uniform. It is certain that a form of incorporation which required reasonable publicity of accounting and that nominal capitalization should approximate actual capital, would solve many of the evils arising from the present blind combinations. This, we believe, dispassionate students of the problem have generally conceded. Judge Grosscut is original only in asserting that a national corporation law would be Constitutional. At first blush this seems impossible. The right to incorporate companies is not one expressly given to the nation by the Constitution; it is one that has been assumed and exercised by every State. To withdraw the power from the States would mean the reversing of a century of precedent, and yet it is possible that a discreet court might sustain a National Companies Act, under the power to regulate interstate commerce.

Such a court would recall that, first, the power of incorporation was never in dispute at the Constitutional Convention—it was hardly worth fighting for; second, that, in the right to impose a national bankruptcy law, the central Government wields quite as drastic a power, and one closely analogous to that now sought; third, that the exercise of the right of incorporation by the several States might be called, in Hamilton's words, "absolutely and totally contradictory and repugnant" to a proper exercise by the nation of the power to regulate interstate commerce—for practically all companies do an interstate business. Canada under this last principle has practically asserted the right of national control over corporations. The Canadian Constitution no more gives that power specifically than does ours. But conditions had changed between 1787 and 1867. The power had become valuable, and whereas eighty years later it had gone by default to the several States of the Union, in the Dominion it is being gradually assumed by the nation, against the protest of the provinces. This might serve, if not as a precedent, at least as an illustration, for a court considering a National Companies Act.

Some additional light was thrown upon the ethics of unionism at the regular Sunday meeting of the Central Federated Union. Speaking of the suspension of the Morse Shipbuilding Company, a walking delegate of the International Association of Machinists exulted in the fact as a victory for organized labor. The Morse Company had refused to pay union wages, the Morse Company was "out of business"; *sic semper*. Furthermore, Walking Delegate Warner, meeting newspaper criticism of the action of his union, declared: "If there is any disgrace attached to this matter, we are willing and anxious to assume it." With all allowances for bluster, there is more disgrace attaching to Mr. Warner's view than any union can afford to assume. The Morse works were not closed as the result of a strike. In such a victory, in a stand-up fight, unionism might take satisfaction—though here also the victory might be far too dearly bought. The Morse shipyard was closed because the union workmen loafed on their jobs and refused to do an honest day's work. That at least is the story, and such is Walking Delegate Warner's boast. He rejoices that his union has swindled its employers out of days' work until the business and the days' work had been destroyed together. He congratulates his constituents upon successful petty larceny of the time that belonged to their employers. It is a peculiarly despicable instance of the shifts to which the union oligarchy will stoop.

The cotton goods statistics in the August trade statement of the United States are of especial interest. They reveal a state of affairs that is rather striking in itself, and they cast a sidelight on the very interesting discussion which Mr. Chamberlain is now stirring up in Great Britain. The member from Birmingham said last week at Greenock that the cotton manufacturing industry of the United Kingdom was menaced by the continued adherence of the nation to

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the free-trade policy. By an irony of fate, Board of Trade figures were issued the very same day showing a heavy increase in the exports of cotton manufactures for the first nine months of 1902. Presumably, the United States figured very largely in the late Colonial Secretary's mind when he delivered himself on the cotton goods situation; and it is interesting to note that our own August trade statement leaves him in the same plight as the Board of Trade figures. For, while the British exports for the nine months increased $6,250,000, the exports of cotton cloths from the United States during the first eight months fell off $3,844,910. Nor is this the whole story, for, far from menacing the Lancashire industry, this country had at last accounts imported $6,263,295 of cotton cloths from foreign countries this year, as compared with $4,956,354 in 1902, and in particular had received $4,845,270 from the United Kingdom, against $3,711,116 in 1902, and $2,795,257 in 1901. A fact of considerable importance in this connection is that the exports from Great Britain averaged a slightly higher price per yard this year than last, as regards both the month and the eight months. Notwithstanding the embarrassment to which he has been subjected by the high price of the raw material, the British cotton manufacturer appears to be gradually attaining a position in our market which gives the lie to Mr. Chamberlain's utterances on the stump.

But without any reference to Mr. Chamberlain, the recent figures regarding our exports and imports of cotton cloths are entitled to the most careful study. When it is stated that the exports for the first eight months of 1903 average something over five cents per yard, and that imports averaged in excess of sixteen cents, it is clear that it is in fine goods that foreign manufacturers are able to increase their hold upon the American market. In other words, on such lines of cotton manufactures as call for relatively high skill Europe continues to show considerable ability to compete with us. The exact cause of this state of affairs is a debatable point, but among careful students of the industry there is more or less feeling that we see here the enervating effect of the tariff. As every one knows, this country has taken an enormous stride in recent years in increasing its output of coarse goods, the part of the South in this movement being especially noteworthy. During the boom period it was not easy to tell whether capital was being diverted to this industry too fast or not. It seemed to be generally agreed, however, that a growing foreign market was indispensable, and it will be recalled by many that some concern was felt in cotton-manufacturing circles in the United States over the great decline in the exports to China which followed the Boxer troubles, but which was only temporary, 1902 witnessing a resumption of heavy purchases by the Empire. The present year, however, is experiencing another recession in cotton-goods exports, principally in those to China. For eight months the shipments to that country were only 164,589,829 yards, against 254,892,479 yards for the corresponding period of 1902. These figures not only explain in a measure why our cotton manufacturers were so ready to shut down their machinery in the face of the high price of the raw material this year, but they also show how vitally interested the industrial forces of this country have become in all that affects the well-being of China.

The new treaty with China, which awaits only the Senate's confirmation, abolishes the likin tax on goods in transit, raises correspondingly the Chinese customs duties, promises reasonable arrangements for mining concessions and the protection of trademarks and copyright, and allots two free ports in Mantchuria. In general, the treaty follows the line of the peace protocol drawn up in September, 1901, after the relief of the legations at Peking. For the United States the treaty means assured and favorable conditions of trade; for China it may be the beginning of much-needed fiscal reform. The likin tax which was levied at many points along the river and caravan routes, was an inordinately expensive one to collect, and liable to diminution by pilfering officials. It subjected all goods for the interior to a wholly indefinite charge. The transfer of the likin into customs taxes, which are easily and efficiently collected, should tend to give stability to the Imperial revenues. But for that very reason the abolition of the likin on foreign goods will be bitterly opposed by Chinese officialdom. In a sense a series of concessions by China, the treaty really puts the Empire in a more reasonable, hence in a stronger, position, and lessens the likelihood of foreign intervention in behalf of commerce. In this agreement Mr. Hay has shown himself, as at all times, the friend of China, although working primarily in the interest of the United States.

A week ago the Russians were to have evacuated the two southern provinces of Mantchuria. Yet, as was anticipated, the military government has found insuperable obstacles to evacuation according to treaty, in the failure of China to accept certain conditions—chiefly those which secured to Russia a modified right of military occupation in Chinese territory. Everybody knew that Mantchuria was as definitely marked out for Russia as the provinces north of the Amur. Probably no Power will venture to oppose this squatter sovereignty; so the practical question is, How will the civilized world adjust itself to the fact of Russian ownership? Except Japan, whose position remains to be defined, and China, which has nothing to say in the matter, the interest of America and of the European nations is simply that Russia shall continue in Mantchuria all commercial privileges and promises granted in that region by China. Meanwhile, Russia is hurrying troops towards the Korean border, Japan has practically her entire fleet in Chinese waters, and the Foreign Offices of the two Powers are negotiating for an adjustment of their relative claims in Asia. A diplomatic settlement can hardly be more than a postponement of hostilities. Japan has no reason to believe that Russia will keep a new treaty otherwise than she has kept the Mantchurian convention. Japan, although financially embarrassed, could fight on better terms now than later. Accordingly, the drift is distinctly towards a war in which Japan would face alone the overwhelming might of Russia. The Anglo-Japanese alliance can hardly come into play; it operates only when either party is engaged with two other Powers. Sympathy in abundance Japan will get from England and America, and arms and ammunition at the market rate. That is all.

Just how far President Roosevelt wished to go in exterminating the Spanish before the declaration of war, is a question which has now been brought to the front by the article of ex-Secretary Long in the current *Outlook*. In this paper Mr. Long confirms a story that was current gossip in and out of official life as far back as 1898. Mr. Roosevelt, he says, in conjunction with "some naval officers, was anxious to send a squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers of the Spanish fleet while we were still at peace with Spain." This "ardor" of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Long says, sometimes went faster than was pleasing to the President or the Department. Naturally. Mr. Long now expresses his surprise that this seems to some like a criticism of his erstwhile subordinate. Does he not say that his relations with Mr. Roosevelt were always most friendly? Does he not affirm that Mr. Roosevelt worked indefatigably, and that he "gave his typewriters no rest"? After such a tribute, why should any one accuse Mr. Long of sarcasm and of venting his spite? Not we. In the interest of history we would merely point out that this is one of the episodes in the President's career which he has had to live down, just as it furnished one reason why many conservative and loyal Americans watched him assume the Presidency with no little anxiety.

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WHO IS DESTROYING CONFIDENCE?

The bitter cry of Wall Street for some months past has been that "confidence" was being undermined by some wicked man, or men. Many Nathan-like voices have reproachfully said to President Roosevelt, "Thou art the man!" The moment, it has been asserted, that the Government brought the Northern Securities suit, capital took fright, the erstwhile simple-hearted and confiding investor received a "chill," the crops took to doing badly, and the great captains of industry—such as the builders of yachts and automobiles for stock brokers and promoters—began to set their houses in order. It was a beautiful theory—so clear, so closely knit in logic, so comforting after its melancholy fashion. We fear, however, that a rival explanation is likely to come into vogue after last week's revelation in the United States Shipbuilding suit, by means of which the screen was thrown down and the public was permitted to see promoting "as she is really promoted." Confidence would have to be a peculiarly hardy growth not to be shaken by the scandalous spectacle.

The testimony of Mr. Dresser disclosed a shocking state of affairs. It showed how character had been wrecked as well as values. Seldom can there have been uncovered a more vulgar conspiracy to pluck or shear the investing public—goose or lamb. The vendors of "salted" mines are entitled to hold up their heads, compared with the discovered tricksters. Their moral fraud was most unblushing. To be both purchaser and seller, to have a pool within a pool, and an agreement behind an agreement, and, at the same moment that a lying prospectus was issued to the public, to fleece the investor even before he invested—that is the kind of thing in which supposedly honest men were engaged. What the law will say about their transactions we must wait to see. It is certain that under such a Company's Act as England has, the whole proceeding would have been set aside by the courts, and the promoters compelled to disgorge their concealed profits.

On the moral aspect of the matter, however, every intelligent man is competent to pronounce judgment. His verdict will be that the methods practised were no more reputable than those of the common sharper. Nearly every element of indecent cheating appears to have been present, while the attempt to hoodwink and bleed the public could not have been more unblushing. But what we ask is, How is all this going to affect the small investor the country over? Is his confidence to be restored by the publication of such schemes to rob him? Is he likely to come trooping back to Wall Street and help lift a sagging market, when he sees snares laid to catch his feet? As destroyers of confidence, it appears to us certain that those who have most lamented its destruction outstrip all possible rivals.

Mr. Dresser's startling evidence has an instructive bearing on the vexed question of "Wall Street morality." We have had paraded before us the "vast transactions depending entirely upon good faith"; the scrupulous fulfilment of contracts; the word as good as a bond, and all that. It is all wonderful and admirable, no doubt, but it touches only the superficies of real morals. What lies beneath? Shall a man boast of living up to an agreement when, behind it, there is a secret and dishonorable understanding? The morality which is really required in Wall Street, and which the late revelations make to appear so lamentably wanting in at least certain financial circles, is of the kind which insists upon good faith and open and fair dealing through and through. It is not enough to meet your obligations at the bank, or to deliver stock as agreed; you must beware of underhanded plots and of striking hands in the dark to make a swollen and greedy personal profit out of the company in which you are urging the thrifty to put their small savings; you must give the humblest outside investor the same rights as yourself, the knowing insider, or else all your trumpeted morality is as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

There will be many to say that confidence ought to be destroyed, if it has been confidence in such unscrupulous promoting as we have now seen laid bare. Justified confidence in the country's stable prosperity is one thing; the other is not confidence, but a confidence game. We suspect that people in general will view with a good deal of cheerful resignation the slow sinking to the ground of the grossly inflated financial balloons. Upon really sound business the effect cannot be harmful. Nor can its moral influence be anything but wholesome. Men will say, with a good deal of justified complacency: "Well, it is a good thing to have this bubble burst. Wild dreams of making millions overnight will no longer demoralize our young men. The day of the steady worker in regular business will come again; and the professional man on a small income will not be so much tempted to envy the prosperity of the wicked. Confidence in legitimate enterprise and in honesty and high-mindedness is, after all, better than confidence in the conjurers and the conspirators of boomed and bursted combinations." That some of the men in the glow of promotion were as credulous as any member of the long-eared public that ever chased a financial rainbow, will be believed by those who read the extraordinary published correspondence relating to the underwriting of the Shipbuilding Company.

THE STEEL STOCK DIVIDEND.

The reduction by one-half of the dividend on the United States Steel Corporation's common stock is unquestionably one of those events which later years remember as landmarks in finance. Considered merely as an incident in the ups and downs of the steel and iron trades, announcement that decreased profits for a quarter necessitate smaller payments to the shareholder is neither unusual nor startling. Any one who examines the company's reported earnings for the past three months, will endorse the directors' action as wise and conservative. More than this, it is quite safe to say that few people with experience in the field of stock investments seriously believed, when the company was organized, that the $500,000,000 common stock could continue indefinitely to draw dividends. The judgment of investors who act upon such conclusions was expressed no less plainly in the market's refusal, at high level of the "boom," to pay more than $55 per share for this 4 per cent. security, than in the more recent fall of its price to below $13. What happened last week, then, was a foregone conclusion from the day of the billion-dollar merger, and need cause no astonishment to the investing world.

But there is another reason why the reduction is of the most far-reaching importance. No corporation in the world numbers so many individual investors on its books. The Steel Company's annual report, last March, showed 58,629 shareholders, of which number 26,830 held the common stock. This number had been increasing rapidly; during the twelve preceding months, 9,107 new names had been added to holdings of the common shares, and there is reason to believe that the increase since last March has been even greater. In this army of owners of the common stock there are undoubtedly many thousands who were not experienced in the nature of the Steel Corporation's problem, and who bought the stock because they believed that 4 per cent. dividends would be permanent.

Now it may be said that risks of this sort will always confront investors; that, if they buy a stock in ignorance of its possible vicissitudes, they have themselves to blame. This is quite true; but, in the Steel Corporation's case, the questions of real importance are, whether the company did right in beginning payment on the common stock, and whether the mere fact of such payment, at the start, did not mislead the uninformed investor. For ourselves, we have always held that payment of dividends on the common stock was a mistake, and events have amply confirmed that judgment. The company's earnings have, to be sure, shown a substantial surplus over dividends. During the calendar year 1902, for instance, net

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receipts of $108,534,000 provided for $18,227,000 interest and sinking funds, for dividends of $35,720,000 on the preferred and of $20,332,000 on the common, and still left $34,253,000 surplus on the books. Working capital, exceeding $50,000,000, was also reported. On the face of things, the common dividend seemed to the average reader to be earned, and he could not see why shareholders should not get it. The answer has been made, however, in the company's own fiscal operations. Early in 1902, the need of $50,000,000 for use in raising certain properties to the standard confronted the company. Had it reserved for such purposes the cash paid out in dividends on the common stock, the outlay would have been easily arranged for. Instead, the company resorted to the money market, with unpleasant results now sufficiently well known to every one.

We do not suppose that any competent observer would to-day deny that payment of dividends on the common stock, under such circumstances, was a financial mistake. Not only is it true that needs such as those of 1902 are recurrent in every manufacturing industry, but there is always before great industries the chance of sudden fall in earnings, through labor troubles or declining trade. The way to prepare for these possibilities is, not to pay out at once in dividends the margin over visibly necessary reserves, but to husband resources at the start with the utmost care, and begin to pay dividends when the company's earning power, at other times than the climax of a "boom" in trade, has been fairly tried. To test the wisdom of such policy, one need only ask himself what would have been the company's situation now, in the trade and in the markets, had it never voted dividends on the common stock, but reserved the cash thus paid to use as need arose. Such a fall as has occurred in the preferred shares would scarcely have been conceivable.

We are aware of the arguments commonly advanced in Wall Street circles to justify dividends on the common stock. First, it was necessary to induce the subsidiary companies to agree to amalgamation, and in some of those companies, which were to be acquired through exchange of stock, the common shareholders were drawing dividends. Second, the placing of $500,000,000 common stock, or any substantial part of it, in the general public's hands, might have been impossible if it paid no dividend. We freely admit the force of both these arguments, as an appeal to the promoters' mind. But we must also draw attention to their total unsoundness as an economic plea, and to the highly dangerous conclusions in which an argument of the sort must end. If dividends, otherwise inadvisable, may rightly be paid to induce investors to give up their money, then the practices of the Fisks and Goulds, a generation since, have a powerful defence. Indeed, the Consolidated Lake Superior concern might quite as readily plead that it had to pay last year's 7 per cent. dividends, though on the verge of financial disaster, because on no other basis could the stock be "distributed." In the Lake Superior case, the policy meant bankruptcy; in the Steel Corporation's case it, of course, means nothing of the kind. But the dangerous principle is asserted, in the one instance as in the other.

PLASTERER AND ARTIST.

The general public is, we believe, aware that the managers of the St. Louis Exposition are giving more attention to the art features of the exhibition than has been the case in other world's fairs. For instance, $500,000 has been appropriated for a display of the work of American sculptors, and numerous artists have contributed, under the direction of Mr. Karl Bitter, the chief of the sculpture department. Many of these plaster statues and groups are of colossal proportions, and as they are completed they are transported to St. Louis in two or more pieces, according to their size. On arrival there they are moved to the grounds in readiness for setting up in the appointed places.

Naturally, this work of setting up requires very considerable skill if it is to be properly done. A number of the pieces are generally damaged while en route, and need remodelling, as do the joints where the sections meet. To place this task of rejoining and remodelling in the hands of unskilled persons is to run the risk of ruining the achievements of the sculptors. Some of the younger of them have for the first time been given an opportunity to show to the public their meritorious work. They have toiled over their contributions with the conviction that upon them to a large degree depends their immediate artistic future. In their eyes the filling up of an opening of two or three inches between the parts of their works can be properly done only by one thoroughly familiar with anatomical modelling. This common-sense opinion was shared by the director of sculpture, who designated the best sculptors of the St. Louis Modellers' and Sculptors' Union, No. 245, to do the work, thus recognizing the principle of union labor while seeking efficiency.

But this by no means satisfied the rampant spirit of unionism. The modellers of St. Louis were, of course, content, but there was another guild to be heard from—the Union (No. 3) of plain plasterers, who promptly demanded that the work be given to them, and coupled with their demand a threat to organize a general strike of all the Exposition workmen unless their wishes were acceded to. That these statues were modelled in plaster was the very plausible reason for their demand. Meanwhile the plain plasterers for a time abandoned their jobs on all the buildings. The negotiations were considerably protracted by reason of the fact that at the last meeting most of the labor delegates were drunk and the conference ended in a row. The Director of Public Works, Mr. Taylor, who has been in every way most friendly to the unions, when asked his opinion decided in favor of the sculptors. His decision was ignored as completely as was the Missouri State Board of Arbitration's similar finding. This official organization went over the matter very carefully, after giving a public hearing to the representatives of both sides; the Exposition authorities fighting the battle of the sculptors. The plasterers, taking the ground that they could remodel a broken hand, or face, or arm, as well as any "high-toned" sculptor, whether educated in St. Louis, New York, or Paris, flatly refused to abide by the decision of the State Board, precisely as the Typographical Union declined to be bound by the arbitrators in its dispute with the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*. As the public is now aware, the will of a union is the supreme law of the land, and no union need abide by an arbitration unless it is favored by the judges.

On August 10 last, in despair, the chief of sculpture addressed an earnest appeal to the General President of the "Operative Plasterers' International Association of the United States and Canada," Mr. J. B. Cavanaugh of Colorado Springs, Col. In this Mr. Bitter set forth the situation with the utmost courtesy and fairness, but gave it as his opinion that for the common plasterers to assume their fitness for this work would be much the same as for him to call himself an astronomer because he was able to look through a telescope. After waiting more than a month for a reply, the following letter was received by Mr. Bitter's superintendent in St. Louis. We reprint it in full as a sample of that courtesy and politeness which employers are everywhere now beginning to expect in their dealings with unions:

OPERATIVE PLASTERERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Sep't 11th, 1903.
Office of Secretary-Treasurer,
2712 Park Ave.

Mr. Carl Beil,
Sup't of Sculpture, Worlds Fair.

Dear Sir: The following decission was sent to this office by the General President of the O. P. I. A.

That plasterers shall do all pointing, and to notify locals. Locals referred to are No. 245 which is composed of modelers No. 242 composed of shop hands and No. 3 which is composed of plasterers. said notice has been sent.

Trusting that the above decission will end controversy I remain.

Respectfully Your's
W. A. O'Keefe
Sec'y Treas.

Let no one think that this victory was not followed up. On September 24, the Modellers and Sculptors, No. 245, "got square" by "notifying" Mr. Bitter that

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after October 15 there would be an increase in their wages of ten cents per hour and a minimum wage of eighty cents an hour. When a man is down, the proper thing to do is to hit him once more.

If we have recited the facts in this latest labor-union victory soberly and without embroidery, it is not because we fail to realize the importance of the stand taken in St. Louis. Our readers have all heard from labor leaders what organization has done for the workingmen. It has given them shorter hours and higher wages and greater consideration in the world's eyes. We have been told that skilled labor is steadily rising in the social scale. But now the credit side of the labor-union ledger has an entry which will, we are sure, make the bitterest critic hold his tongue for ever and ever. By one stroke of his pen, Mr. J. B. Cavanaugh of Colorado has emancipated a whole union, has lifted it out of the ranks of laboring men and placed it squarely alongside of our best and greatest artists. Bitter, MacMonnies, Adams, Ruckstuhl, even St. Gaudens himself, are now but brothers to the artists of the Plasterers' Union No. 3. More than that, the great mind in Colorado Springs has solved the question how to democratize art, which has puzzled many a less notable brain. All the visitors to St. Louis will see now the triumph of the plain plasterer in plastic art.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BID.

Joseph Chamberlain never displayed his adroit and ready talent to better advantage than in his Glasgow speech on October 6. He knows how to wear in perfection the air of a misunderstood patriot. He is able gracefully to sink his unimportant personality in a cause vital to his country's well being; is studiously moderate where he was expected to be extreme; and applies his flexible mind to the intricacies of the difficult case he has to argue with an appearance of candor and of complete mastery very specious and fetching, and only just short of carrying conviction. His personal courage is undoubted, rising as it does to actual audacity. One must believe that a good part of the enthusiasm which he evoked from his Glasgow audience was but another form of the Englishman's admiration for a statesman who does not fear his fate, but puts his political fortunes to the touch, to win or lose all.

To devote a single word to the political aspect of Mr. Chamberlain's bid for popular support, it is clear that he protests his self-abnegation a trifle too much. For him to affirm his absolute loyalty to Mr. Balfour, and to assert that he will never compete with the Premier for the party leadership, is magnificent, but it is not politics. Everybody knows that Mr. Chamberlain simply must be the next Prime Minister if his policy is upheld by the electors. Mr. Balfour would be the first to perceive this. The King would no more think of sending for anybody but Chamberlain, if he were returned as the victorious chieftain after a great political battle, than did the Queen of turning to any man but Gladstone after he had beaten the Tories on Irish Disestablishment. To-day, Mr. Chamberlain stands as the statesman who has driven a wedge deep into the Conservative party. If in the future he succeeds in uniting that party and making it triumphant on his one issue, he will be the one man to become its titular leader. To hold any other view is to hug a delusion.

It is, however, the economic rather than the political side of Mr. Chamberlain's speech that most challenges comment. We pass by his array of figures proving to a Great Britain conscious of good health that she is really in a rapid decline. These statistics and the inferences from them have been sharply disputed by competent English authorities. Nor shall we stop over his alleged demonstration that the British workman stands to win two or three farthings more than he will lose by Mr. Chamberlain's food taxes. *De minimis* it is not for us across the Atlantic to debate. But there are certain gross fallacies into which Mr. Chamberlain has been betrayed that vitiate his whole argument.

He adopts completely the magic theory of protection. To him, it is a kind of supernatural device to make poor countries rich. Natural resources, acquired skill, a multiplying and enterprising population—all these go for nothing in making a nation wealthy, compared with a tariff tax on foreign imports. He adduces the expansion of German and American trade, and accounts for it wholly by the protective system. What nature has done, what political and social conditions have wrought, he entirely ignores. Germany and the United States have grown opulent by a trick of taxation which England has been too stupid to imitate. Why did Mr. Chamberlain not point to those protected countries, France, and Spain, and Austria? Apparently, only because his conjurer's protection has failed to produce the egg in those cases!

Sir Samuel Romilly's old complaint that Englishmen would not take the trouble really to grasp the argument of Adam Smith, will be revived if Mr. Chamberlain's notions are caught up. To imagine that an artificial system of taxation can create wealth is to maintain what logical analysis and practical experience both declare to be nonsense. It is the gifts of nature and the energy of man which, in the long run, determine national supremacy in manufactures and trade. If England is, as there seems good reason to believe, approaching a period of relative industrial decline, the cause for it is to be found in the increasing cost of her coal and raw materials, as compared with those of the United States. The fundamental situation was not caused, and cannot be altered, by any device of protective taxes. Laws can meddle and mar, but it is nature that has her way in the end.

Mr. Chamberlain's references to American tariffs are not happy. He calls our system "an abomination," but why? It is his own idea carried out to its legitimate but uncomfortable end. He says that some of our "best minds" think we ought to reduce our customs taxes; but those are also the minds which hold that they never should have been imposed, that they inevitably mean economic waste, class favoritism, and political corruption. Nor is Mr. Chamberlain more fortunate in alluding to the destruction of the Welsh tin-plate industry by the McKinley tariff. One of the interesting economic developments of the past two years has been the restoration of the prosperity of that very industry—without any protection. Mr. Chamberlain appears not to have heard of this, though the *Tribune* has "explained it away."

To give his scheme even a semblance of success, Mr. Chamberlain must induce the self-governing colonies to accept it. But here his argument is pitiably weak, and the facts are fearfully against him. At the very moment of saying that these colonies are thorough-paced protectionists (he does not say, but it is true, that they are as hot to exclude British goods as any others) he supposes that the plea of kinship and Imperial greatness will move them to abandon protective taxes as against England—in other words, abandon that mysterious formula for creating wealth which Mr. Chamberlain so lauds them for making their own! It is simply to be said that Canada, for example, or Australia, shows no sign whatever of giving up good monopoly profits for any sentimental considerations. Like Sancho Panza, they will take the actual foals of protection in preference to the dubious spoils of Mr. Chamberlain's next knightly adventure. The Canadians, we suspect, will be particularly offended by his intimation that they ought not to go on developing their "secondary industries," but should meekly and loyally take everything of that sort from England. On this rock of colonial self-interest alone, to say nothing of his economic and financial difficulties, Mr. Chamberlain's whole scheme might easily go to wreck.

NEW LIGHT ON GLADSTONE.

John Morley's long-awaited Life of Mr. Gladstone will disappoint no expectations that were not unreasonable. In its fulness of material, weight of judgment, and philosophic impartiality of

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treatment, with grace and dignity of style, it is a work to be recurred to and meditated upon before a final verdict is ventured. Even a first reading, however, makes plain that it is an illuminating biography, adding much to our knowledge of a great man whose character, like his acts, has been the subject of fierce controversy. It was not, of course, to be anticipated that a great deal that is novel could come to light, in the case of a man whose long life was passed in the full glare of publicity. Mr. Morley's contribution consists mainly in piecing out old information with new evidence, and in marshalling events in their proper sequence and setting.

He gives us, for example, some interesting pages bearing upon Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the United States. The unfortunate speech of 1862, asserting that Jefferson Davis and the South had made a "nation," he himself came to number among his serious errors. He admitted that it was not only founded upon inadequate knowledge, but was, in any case, an indiscreet utterance to come from a member of the Cabinet without the authorization of his chief. Not so well known is the part that Gladstone played in moderating the demands of Great Britain at the time of the *Trent* affair. In his note about the meeting of Ministers which decided on the peremptory dispatches to Lord Lyons at Washington, he wrote: "I thought and urged that we should hear what the Americans had to say before withdrawing Lyons, for I could not feel sure that we were at the bottom of the law of the case, or could judge here and now what form it would assume. But this view did not prevail." However, Mr. Gladstone was in high favor at Windsor in those days, and his diary has a suggestive entry concerning the next Cabinet meeting: "Nov. 30. Left Windsor at 11:25. Cabinet 3-5½. Lord Russell's draft softened and abridged." The inference is fair, Mr. Morley argues, that he had presented his plea for temperate action to the court, and that his representations had a good deal to do with the famous intervention of the Queen and the Prince Consort for the purpose of making the demand on the American Government less bellicose in tone.

Many other instances might be given of similar lighting up of critical episodes in Mr. Gladstone's career. Majuba Hill, Egypt, the belated attempt to save Gen. Gordon—the public records and private memoranda upon which Mr. Morley has drawn enable him to make those violently debated subjects more intelligible, even if not wholly to still the strife of tongues. One calumny he absolutely crushes. This is the assertion that Gladstone never thought of Home Rule for Ireland until he discovered that he needed the Irish vote. The written evidence now adduced should make men ashamed to repeat that old slander. As for the still more foolish invention which credited Mr. Morley himself with having converted Gladstone to Home Rule, he contemptuously dismisses it in a footnote as the merest "moonshine."

But the chief question which every reader of this remarkable biography will ask is, Does it help us better to understand the man himself? The extraordinary career which Gladstone ran is known. His gigantic intellectual power not even the bitterest of his enemies ever denied. His astonishing versatility, his personal ascendency, his immense industry, his amazing ability to sway by his eloquence a critical or hostile House of Commons as well as vast popular assemblages—about all this we do not need to be told. Where we wish to be better informed is as to the growth and training of his mind, the process of his political convictions, the balance of qualities in his character. Mr. Morley instructs us. He does it by no idolatrous deification of his old leader, but by letting us see him in habit as he was. Gladstone's perplexing dualism of both mind and soul his biographer does not undertake to conceal. He shows us "the ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotchman"; the mediæval schoolman who was at the same time a flaming tribune of democracy. Out of this two-fold nature arises most of the questionable matter relating to Gladstone. As Bagehot long ago pointed out, when you have, as you had in Gladstone, a hair-splitting scholastic who is also the leader of the party of change and progress, you are bound to get a statesman who will be accused of sophistry, insincerity, subterfuge, and vacillation. Mr. Morley frankly admits this, and shows us how the fine-spun distinctions which were of the essence of Mr. Gladstone's mind, exposed him to the gibes of the "plain people." Yet he remained the greatest leader of the plain people that ever arose in England. In the combination lies the mystery of his character. If there was in it the tortuous refining of words out of their natural meaning—"pure Gladstonese," it has been called—there was also in it a moral elevation and a kindling enthusiasm which made men yield to him though they could not understand him.

Gladstone's acknowledged mastery in finance Mr. Morley shows to have been wholly acquired. It has often been supposed that he was trained by his father, Sir John Gladstone, the Liverpool merchant of large affairs. But no, the son came to financial administration protesting that he knew nothing about "packages." Trade and the Exchequer were not dreamed of in the then philosophy of Oxford. Gladstone's profound knowledge of the great industries and the ongoing of commerce, with his grasp of money and banking and taxation, he won by the intensity and vigor of his mental application. That was his lifelong power. Let any subject challenge and arouse him, and the swoop of his intellect upon it was like an eagle's, and tore facts and principles out of it for his masterful use. It was sheer concentration of mind, not actual experience, which made his budgets seem like the waving of a magician's wand, and which left the "practical" man who was to be put up to expose his ignorance, shrinking back, and saying, like the brewer member of Parliament who heard Gladstone expound the tax on malt: "It's no use; he knows my business better than I do myself!"

In his lifetime, Mr. Gladstone passed from party to party, and apparently from conviction to conviction. Wonderfully precocious though he was, he did not appear to find himself, politically, until fifty. But when he did finally break away from the narrowing prejudices of his early education, the one thing which gave impulse and unity to his public life was a passionate love of liberty for all men. With this went his shining advocacy of the doctrine that the principles of morals and religion must have sway in public affairs as imperiously as in private life. That made him the champion of oppressed peoples. That made him, like Falkland, the devoted lover of peace. One of Mr. Morley's interesting revelations is that Mr. Gladstone's final retirement from power in 1894 was due to a break with his colleagues over swollen naval estimates. He simply said, with dignity, that his record and the character of a Christian man which he had to sustain, would not permit him to sanction such an outlay. Nothing, in fact, in all his detailed biography, nothing in the mass of self-revealing letters and journals he left behind him, gives reason to bate a jot of the tribute which his political rival, Lord Salisbury, paid to him when he called him "a great Christian statesman."

TEACHERS AND CHOLERA IN THE PHILIPPINES.—II.

TANJAY, March 6, 1903.

There is still a little to be said regarding the water supply. In times of cholera, as of typhoid, it must be guarded most carefully. We filled all the wells we could find in the town, guarded the river night and day that it might not be polluted, and forced the people to get their supply only where we knew it was safe to do so. Besides this, we tried to induce them to boil their drinking water. It was a waste of time and energy to make the attempt. They thought we meant that they were to drink hot water, and no explanation, however long and detailed, could undeceive them. Most of the Spaniards and mestizos were just as careless. A member of the Board of Health in a neighboring town, when asked if he boiled his drinking water, replied: "No, it's too much trouble." At that time cholera was carrying off fifteen or twenty people daily in

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the town where he lived. This man is a college graduate and one of the most intelligent Filipinos I have ever met. What can you expect from the ordinary, ignorant, black *hombre?*

In this way we tried to ward off the cholera as long as possible and to lessen its ravages when it should come. Of course, we received all sorts of suggestions and instructions as to how to act when the plague was actually upon us. Most of the instructions were absolutely impracticable, but all were seriously discussed, and those which could be adopted were adopted promptly. One of the best measures, and really valuable, was the closing of all places of congregation. As soon as cholera appeared, the Presidente came running to me, saying that the school must be closed. I promptly assented, and at once the policemen went through the town collecting the books, while the school was declared closed for an indefinite period. Then I told the Presidente that the church must be closed. "Oh, no, it was impossible." I repeated that the church should be closed at once. "But the padre would not permit it. He had already been consulted, and had said that he could not close the church without the consent of the bishop." "Hang the bishop; the church must be closed." "But certainly, in times of cholera, it was very necessary to meet and pray that the pest should be removed. The padre said that the cholera was a judgment upon them for having been remiss in the past." "Do your praying at home." Finally he yielded, but wanted to see my authority. I told him it was in my rooms and would be forthcoming at the proper time. He closed the church, and then wrote to the Government about it. I wrote to the President of the Provincial Board of Health, and the church remained closed. Then I told him that the *gallera* must also be closed. He looked at me in amazement. Close the *gallera!* The people would all die of melancholy and lack of diversion. The Spaniards had never closed the *gallera.* There had been outbreaks of cholera in 1874, 1882, and 1889, but never any fuss over the *gallera* and church. But I carried the day. Of course, every Sunday there were cockfights all over the town, but that was better than having all meet in one place.

Another rule was that the town halls should be used as detention camps and the schoolhouses as hospitals, unless the town could build special edifices for these purposes. We did neither. There was no money for building new buildings, however cheaply they might be constructed, and hospital and detention camp would both be useless unless well guarded night and day. We had no way of maintaining an efficient guard, and dropped the whole matter.

Then we were told to quarantine every house where there was a case of cholera. No one was to be allowed to enter or leave the house for five days. Good rule, apparently. What was the result? Absolutely nothing. It is the custom of the Filipinos, as soon as any one falls sick, to run to the house to see what the sick man looks like. They have no fear of anything. We were not summoned to the house where the first cases occurred until those attacked were dead or dying. As we approached the house, we saw more than twenty people run out of it and scatter in various directions. What good is quarantine in a case like that? And it is only one of many, although, as we got our system of inspection better organized, they grew constantly rarer.

Another rule was that all infected houses should be burned. Where the houses are situated as close together as sardines in a box, they can't be burned. When a fire once starts in one of these towns, it sweeps over acres and acres before it can be stopped. We did burn one or two crazy old shacks, but as a rule burned only the furniture and bedding which had come into contact with the body of the patient, and thoroughly disinfected the house, its occupants and the remaining furniture. One of the results of maintaining a quarantine or of destroying dwellings is that the people at once secrete the cases. The reason is to be found in their poverty. If they are shut up for five days, they must have food. A native never has more than one day's supply in his house. They must be fed by the municipality, which, as a rule, has very little to expend in this way. Consequently, the people would rather conceal the cases of cholera than suffer the week's confinement and privation. Besides, if, as often happens, the municipality has no funds at all, the quarantine is not to be thought of for a moment. Again, the same result follows the destruction of dwellings. Many of the poor people see absolutely no way of replacing their houses. It's all very well to tell them that they will be paid the value of the buildings destroyed. They have had too much experience to put much faith in such stories. They would also have to wait six months in order that the usual amount of red tape may be gone through. Where are they to live in the meantime? Better let father or brother die and say nothing about it.

The discussion of this last point brings me naturally to perhaps the most important question of all, namely, the disposal of the remains of the plague-stricken. The ideal way is, of course, to burn them. This is what we were told to do; but the very mention of such a thing aroused a storm of superstitious opposition. To say nothing of the difficulty and the unpleasant nature of the operation—in themselves obstacles nearly insuperable—the fanaticism of the people was aroused. They would not even hear of burying the bodies in a special cemetery. They must be buried in consecrated ground. So the authorities yielded, and gave orders that all bodies should be buried in lime. As a matter of fact, in nearly all places they were buried in the regular way, for it was impossible to get lime. The Filipinos and Spaniards both informed me that it would be a tremendous mistake even to attempt burning any bodies. The natives had such a horror of it that they would rather scoop out a trench under a house in which to bury the dead, or throw the body in the nearest swamp. I pointed out that in neither case would they be burying their dead in consecrated ground. Even so—that was a good deal better than having the bodies burned.

Such action on the part of the natives presupposes a wholesale concealment of cases which would certainly have more terrible results than could possibly result from even imperfectly burying the bodies. The main danger to be feared here is the contamination of the water supply. If the cemetery is favorably located in this respect, there seem to be no good objections against burial. Such a concealment as I mention probably seems to you impossible. It would be impossible in Manila. But in a provincial town, with a small body of inspectors, none of them really reliable, with the local authorities only lukewarm, and the superstition and fanaticism of the people thoroughly aroused, a municipal board of health can do very little.

So then we finally decided that all we could do was to take every possible precaution, make every effort to keep the cholera out of the province, and then, when it should come, establish careful, daily house-to-house inspection of the town, in order to keep ourselves informed of the cases as soon as they appeared, give whatever medicines we could, get the dead under the ground as soon as possible, thoroughly disinfect the houses; and—let things take their course. The town bought a large supply of medicines, and the province furnished more, and then, like Mr. Micawber, we waited for something to turn up.

The "something" turned up on September 28, 1902, and it stayed with us for three months, carrying off about 500 people, or more than 4 per cent. of the population. This was a very light visitation. In some places a mortality of 20 per cent. of the entire population has been reported. In this town, in 1882, about 10 per cent. of the people died. Not over 30 or 35 per cent. of those attacked recover. This was the percentage here, and I believe the estimates for the islands during the recent epidemic show about the same figures.

When we tried to give our remedies we found ourselves confronted by a new difficulty. The people refused to take them. Some would say, "God sent the cholera, and if he wants me to recover, I shall. The medicine will do no good." Others were afraid of our medicines, and trusted more in some old piece of bark or "yarb" tea, fixed up by a native practitioner. One must in justice admit that the native medicine-men did accomplish a few cures, and the old inhabitants say that in 1882 a famous old native medicine-woman from Cebu wrought miracles with her "santas medicinas." But the natives did not simply refuse our medicines. Many said, first that I, and then the other members of the Board of Health, were poisoning them. The stories of poisoning have had a great run during the past few months. The enemies of the friars said that there was no cholera at all, but that the friars and their agents were poisoning the wells. Then the friends of the *frailes* said that Americans were poisoning the wells. The stories gained most credence and made the most stir in Cebu and Iloilo, next to Manila the most important cities in the islands. Both of them were terribly ravaged by the cholera.

When the *taos* said that I was a poisoner my enthusiasm began to wane. I was getting tired of giving medicines which the people didn't want to take, and also of disinfecting houses. So when one day three people died of cholera in the house right next to mine, I thought it was time to skip, and did so very precipitately. Some of the teachers ran much greater risks than I did, and stuck to their posts, despite all obstacles. I was not one of them. I know

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that I am not a hero, but I also have no desire to be a martyr, and never have had. There are enough of both. As long as I felt that I was accomplishing anything I remained in my town. When things got beyond my control, I left.

Many interesting points remain to be discussed, but I fear that this letter has already reached a wearisome length. After all that I have said, however, about the ignorance and inefficiency of the Filipinos, I cannot but express my appreciation of those associated with me on the local Board of Health. Both were men of wide experience and great energy. They fulfilled their duties ably and well. A comparison of the present epidemic with that of 1882 proves conclusively the wisdom of the measures adopted by the American Board of Health. Then, the great cities were the worst sufferers. Now, the provinces. But while the old Spanish "let-alone, do-nothing" policy, or some slight modification of it, must still suffice for the remoter districts, the magnificent results attained in Manila—where the health officers worked, though, to be sure, under most unfavorable sanitary conditions and the adverse circumstances always to be encountered in a great seaport, yet under the greatest advantages of personnel and equipment—show beyond doubt that at no very distant day, when the Department of Health shall have been thoroughly organized throughout the islands, such an epidemic as the past year has witnessed will be absolutely impossible, and, I may add, that, in bringing about such a condition, the Department of Public Instruction, by increasing the average of education and intelligence, by awakening the people to a realization of their present deplorable state and to a desire for better and cleaner modes of living, will prove a most important factor.

As I look back over the events of the past year, I cannot but think that the part which the teachers have taken in fighting this, the most terrible of Eastern diseases, will prove of great value in their future work. We have gained a more intimate knowledge of the life and character of the people among whom we live than could have been gained in any other way. While the work has been discouraging, disheartening, yes, disgusting, it has also been instructive and inspiring. Surely, the calm fortitude—fatalism if you will—with which the Filipino meets every disaster, his constant cheerfulness under the most trying conditions, may well furnish food for thought to the American. If our recent experience shall aid in giving us a deeper knowledge of the Filipino character, a clearer insight into the workings of his mind, a broader sympathy—and this it cannot fail to do, for the whole unfortunate race—we shall have acquired a sure and lasting foundation upon which to base our future attempts and endeavors to educate and enlighten our Eastern "brethren," and the experience will not have been in vain.

Correspondence.

HONOR THY UNION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have been taught that a workingman's duty to his union was superior to his duty to the Constitution and the laws, and even to the eternal principles of right and justice; but the doctrine that it is superior to the duty and affection of a son to a father, seems to me to touch the high-water mark of "union" ethics. Witness the news item herewith subjoined.

O. Mores.

October 7, 1903.

"Chicago, October 7.—Five hundred glove-makers, employed in four factories, went on strike to-day because the employers refused to grant demands for increased wages and to renew an agreement that expired September 21. Among the manufacturers whose employees were called out is Samuel R. Clexton, sr., father of Samuel R. Clexton, jr., President of Glovemakers' Local Union, No. 4. 'I called out the men in my father's shop, as my union has first claim on my duty,' the latter declared."

GOVERNMENTAL IRRIGATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: In the *Nation* of the 24th ultimo there is an admirable editorial on "The Public Land Problem and Irrigation," in which occurs the following statement:

"The public lands having already been occupied, values have reached figures which are practically prohibitive to the man in a 'prairie schooner.' If it is not for these that the costly irrigation enterprise upon which the Government is entering, then who is to be benefited? Those already well to do and able to finance their own ditch undertakings—the wealthy speculators or range-owners?"

If I am not mistaken, the above statement and query, and also the *Nation's* concluding comments, are of peculiar significance from the fact that it is impossible to benefit the "man in a prairie schooner" by Governmental irrigation. Even if the water is brought to the land at public expense, the benefit will necessarily accrue to men of considerable means (presumably "those already well to do and able to finance their own ditch undertakings—the wealthy speculators or range owners"), because the "man in a prairie schooner" will still be shut out by the cost of constructing and maintaining the lateral ditches, and of putting the land in condition for irrigation. The truth of the matter is, that land which depends on artificial irrigation for its fertility is about the last place on earth for men with light pockets. In the first place, the land when prepared for irrigation is necessarily costly, although the water may be brought to it free. In the second place, the situation is peculiarly subject to unlooked-for contingencies, which involve either the prompt use of ready money, or ruin. The man who has capital enough to establish himself *safely* on the irrigated plains, has enough to establish himself anywhere, and needs no aid from the Government.

In regard to the cost to the Government of bringing the water to the land, the lowest estimate that I have seen is $10 an acre; and this only for the two or three hundred millions of acres which are most favorably situated. In view of the possible indefinite extension of the scheme, the ultimate average cost to the Government may be just as well placed at $200 an acre as at $10. And even if this land was secured to the "man in a prairie schooner," how can the Government be justified in providing land for the landless in the Far West at a cost of even $10 an acre, when excellent land may be purchased throughout the country, especially in the Southern States, for $5 an acre, and less? In the territory adjacent to the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—within 100 miles of the vast fruit and vegetable markets of these great cities—very productive land may be purchased for less than $10 an acre. If the Government may properly use the public funds for the development of arid land in the Far West, ostensibly for the benefit of unequipped homeseekers, why may it not more economically and properly use public funds in the purchase and development of Southern and Eastern land, at much less cost per acre, for the same purpose?

The equitable distribution, or sale, of public land is a legitimate Governmental function, but the use of public funds for the commercial development of land is exactly the same principle as the use of public funds for the purchase of land and its commercial development; and if the Government uses the public funds for the commercial development of land in, and for the benefit of, certain States, how can it equitably neglect the commercial development of land, by the use of public funds, in and for the benefit of each of the other States? If the commercial development of land at public expense in four or five States is "one of the greatest undertakings ever begun in any age," it seems to follow that the commercial development of land at public expense in all the States would be the greatest of all public undertakings. In this connection, however, it may be remarked that when an undertaking is based on false principles, its magnitude only makes it more dangerous and destructive.

The obvious lesson of the present situation is, that the idea that it is a proper function of Government to furnish fertile land to all applicants is a misleading delusion which is exceedingly demoralizing to both Government and people. The Government might as well undertake to furnish capital to all applicants. When the Government had fertile public land to give away, it could give the landless a home for the asking; but (unless Canada should come into the Union in the near future) that situation has passed away never to return. Fertility of soil everywhere now has a commercial value which makes it equivalent to capital, and it cannot be had except in exchange for capital. The water which gives fertility to the arid land of the Western plains is, commercially, exactly the equivalent of the fertilizer which must be used on an Eastern farm. At the present time the best opportunity, in the United States, for the "man in a prairie schooner" is the cheap and fertile land in the Southern States—in other words, it is there that fertility of soil may be obtained with the least outlay of capital; and the effect of Governmental irrigation will be to benefit the wealthy speculators and range owners to the detriment of all other agriculturists. In developing the arid land of the Western plains, the Government enters upon a strictly commercial enterprise in direct and detrimental competition with private agricultural enterprise in all other parts of the country.

Isaac W. Griscom.

Philadelphia, 10th Mo., 8th, 1903.

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THE AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me a few words of comment on your very suggestive article, "The American College President," contained in No. 1995 of the *Nation*? The American College President of to-day is in reality a relic of the times when, as Lessing says, the clergy was still thinking—and eating—for us. In those happy times it was believed that the intellectual welfare of our boys was safest in the hands of a spiritual guardian, who, being by his profession accustomed to begging, was expected to promote also the worldly welfare of the college. Fortunately those idyllic times have passed. The clergyman president is gone, but the promoter has remained.

In academic circles the opinion is growing that the promoter president, too, should go as soon as possible, not only because he presents a ludicrous spectacle, but also for more serious reasons. It is being felt more and more as an intolerable anomaly that, in the very heart of our democracy, a monarchical institution, such as the college presidency really is, should still exist. This feeling has grown all the more since the experiment in several Western colleges of giving the president absolute power has proved an absolute failure. Favoritism and corruption of various kinds were the natural results of this experiment in academic despotism, not to speak of the humiliating sight of scholars, free American citizens, cringing before the almighty president. No wonder that we are appealing in vain to our colleges and universities for help in purifying municipal and national politics.

The American university, moreover, will never reach an ideal standard as long as it remains *a school* with a principal, called president, at its head. The history of the German universities shows us clearly that scholarship can reach its highest form of development and influence only in the academic *republic*, where the individual professor, the personification of his specialty, his *Fach*, is responsible to himself alone. This highest form of academic liberty, the only source of great scholarly and educational achievements, cannot be attained with a president, who will in some way or other try "to shape a policy" for *his* university, or interfere where interference is a sin against the spirit of the true university. Hence the constant secret or open frictions between president and faculty. If most college presidents knew what *their* faculties—not their personal friends among these—really thought of them, but dared not express, they would, if men of honor, resign their positions at once. Not that professors are natural fault-finders. A distinguished university president once told the writer that a man could not be a college president without being more or less of a liar. But how can a scholar who possesses self-respect and high professional ideals look with respect upon an office whose occupants seemingly cannot practise the elementary principles of morality in their dealings with *their* faculties?

I am not exaggerating. Hundreds of professors would corroborate my statements if they dared speak. That they dare not speak characterizes better than all my statements the rottenness of existing conditions. And are we to tolerate these conditions because they are sanctified by American traditions? Away with an office that has become an anachronism and an obstacle in the development of the true university idea! If a faculty, composed, as it ought to be, of the best specimens of American scholarship and manhood, cannot govern itself, then all self-government is a farce, which we should end, the sooner the better. Let the faculty elect, as you suggest, one of their number yearly to the honorary position of representing the university and of presiding over inevitable academic functions. These are now the essential functions of the president, since in all the larger institutions government by faculty committees has become an established custom. For the business part of the university let us have a business man, whom ambitious institutions may easily find among the employees of our great advertising firms. But let us remove with due honors the old college president and the university president of to-day before he fully take the famous step from the sublime.

Veritas.

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issues of the *Nation* for July 2 and September 24, two entirely contradictory interpretations of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" were presented, and supported by arguments both earnest and interesting. To add a third theory to the controversy, may I call to your notice the interpretation which was brought forward by Signor Palmarini, in the *Nuova Antologia* for August, 1902? Setting aside the theory of Herr Wickhoff, which Signor Gnoli presented to your readers, that the picture represents Venus persuading Medea to escape with Jason, and of Mr. Andrews's presentation of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's theory that the subject is "Artless and Sated Love" (or, as he chooses to paraphrase it, "Innocent and Satisfied Love"), we find that Signor Palmarini names the picture "The Fountain of Arden."

To former critics the differences between the two female figures have been the chief aids in interpreting and naming the picture. Signor Palmarini, however, finds these two figures so similar that his key to the right understanding of the picture is found in the fountain, in the presence of the little love god, in the background and the accessories. In the women's figures he finds an identity of complexion, of the color, quality and arrangement of the hair, and of physique. Both have the same eyes, surmounted by fine and slightly arched brows. In both the mouth is small, curved and of the same design, the nose straight and aristocratic, the chin rounded. To him the women are alike in feature, and contrasted only in expression. Here he differs radically from your correspondent, Mr. Andrews, who describes the nude figure as "an innocent maiden, unlearned in the mysteries of life and love." To Signor Palmarini she has the appearance of a woman to whom love has left nothing unrevealed, "the mouth sensual, as though swollen by kisses, the nostrils dilated, the neck more full." Both gentlemen describe the face of the other figure as serene and quiet. In Mr. Andrews's opinion, the serenity comes through "absence of passionate desire," because this has been satisfied; while in Signor Palmarini's opinion it is lack of experience which produces the expression of serenity, ingenuousness, and almost coldness. Because of the similarity of feature, and perhaps, also, because of the difference in expression, Signor Palmarini finds a further resemblance to this type in Titian's "Magdalen," in the Pitti; his "Flora," in the Uffizi; his portrait of Laura Dianti, in the Louvre. To this list we might add the head of the daughter of Herodias, in the Doria gallery in Rome—a head with the same glowing coloring of hair and skin, the same fine features.

The resemblance to the portrait of Laura Dianti, the favorite and afterwards the wife of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, is the most important link in the chain, as, in the opinion of Signor Palmarini, this resemblance helps to name and approximately date the Borghese picture. The picture has been supposed to belong to the period of the "Bacchanal" and the "Ariadne" in Madrid, a period when Titian was painting at the court of the Este family in Ferrara, and where, in fact, in 1518, he made the portrait of Alfonso d'Este which is now in Madrid. It was during this same period that Alfonso's first wife, Lucrezia Borgia, died and Laura Dianti became his second wife. It is known from a letter of Ticozzi to Cicognara that at this time, also, Titian painted Laura "nuda e vestita." Other historic details help to further strengthen Signor Palmarini's argument. An existing letter of Titian's of the year 1517 tells of a commission given him to paint a *vasca*, or basin, which was of great interest to Duke Alfonso. A year later the Duke asked him for the design of a painting whose subject was to be supplied by the poet Ariosto. At the Ferarra court Titian had been brought into intimate relations with Ariosto, and Ridolfi records in his 'Meraviglie dell' Arte' that the poet often visited the painter's studio, watching him compose pictures from subjects taken from Ariosto's own poem, the 'Orlando Furioso.' "For," as Ridolfi said, "painting performs the service of mute poetry, and poetry that of speaking painting." Another letter of Titian's, written on the first of April, 1518, speaks of the great diligence and study which he was devoting to a picture whose inspiration had come from the Duke, while only the "corpo" (the body of the picture in distinction from its soul) was to be executed by the painter. Three weeks later, on the twenty-second of April, Tebaldi, the Duke's representative in his transactions with the painter, wrote to Alfonso that he had entirely explained to Titian everything connected with the picture for the Duke, and had given him the paper on which the *figurina* was sketched.

Given these historic data, together with the coincidence of time, the resemblance to Laura's portrait in the Louvre, and the record of another picture of Laura, it seems not unreasonable to follow Signor Palmarini's conclusion that in the figures in the Borghese picture we have two perhaps somewhat idealized representations of Laura Dianti. The commission, then, came from the Duke Alfonso, the inspiration from Ariosto, and the model was found in Laura Dianti, who about this time, certainly very soon after the death of Lucrezia Borgia in 1519, became Alfonso's bride.

Ariosto, in his 'Orlando Furioso,' had told of Rinaldo dismounting from his horse in

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a forest beflowered with red and green and yellow, where he came upon two fountains, one of which "filled the heart of him who drank of it with the longing for love; while the other banished all love from the heart and turned into ice the first burning desire." From these two fountains Ariosto's lovers, Rinaldo and Angelica, drank, experiencing in their own hearts the burning and the chilling effects of the two draughts. Ariosto had found his inspiration for the incident of the fountain in the forest of Arden in the 'Orlando Innamorato' of Bojardo, and to this poem Titian turned for further details. Bojardo introduced Rinaldo into a

"shady forest of trees, which has in its midst a stream of clear water. Near by he found a fountain, never fashioned by human hands—a fountain of pure and polished alabaster, elaborately carved. Round about were the flowers of spring; the beech, the pine, and the green olive cast their shade over the waters. This was the fountain of love, which sets on fire whoever tastes of it."

This description of Bojardo fits Titian's picture as closely as many of Politian's verses fit the paintings of Botticelli. In the same way, in these two different periods, pictures and poems were composed for the same patrons and inspired by the same scenes.

Signor Palmarini continues his examination of the picture in detail, finding much in the accessories to strengthen his theory:

"Here we find butterflies, the symbol of love; hares, the symbol of wantonness; a shepherd and shepherdess embracing; the little god in the act of bathing his arrow in the fated water. In those days, no painting, even though it were allegorical, was complete without a human figure. At the fountain in Arden there must be an Angelica. Hence, naturally, arose the thought of placing there Laura—cold and shy before she drank the dangerous water of love—so cold as to have brought with her her brazier; then, having drunk of the water, fired with love, throwing aside her garments, she lifts up to Venus the flame of love. To emphasize this thought, the painter has placed beside the undraped figure a metal bowl, in which we can see a little of the charmed liquid.

"To make more clear these two phases of the same doubly revealed personality—her indifference before drinking, her inflamed desire afterwards—we see on the left, back of the draped figure, a tranquil landscape, the two hares indifferent, peaceful, fearlessly nestling against each other; while on the right, after love has driven them forth from their quiet and shady retreat, they are chased by dogs and hunters. On the right the shepherd and shepherdess are seen in lovers' attitude, and two butterflies pursue each other. Even in the carving on the front of the fountain the painter has wished to signify the erotic nature of the waters. On the left we see the little love-god, drawing a youth on to a barebacked horse, the symbol of lucky fate. On the right a man lashes Cupid, as though in revenge for the flame which burns him. Adam and Eve, the first victims of love, witness the scene."

To some of us the symbolism may seem a little hard pressed by Signor Palmarini; but his theory is certainly an ingenious one and, to all appearances, sufficiently well supported by contemporary data and internal evidence. But many of us have come to look upon the paintings of the Venetians who fell under the spell of Giorgione as poetic idyls, vaguely inspired, perhaps, by some classic legend or contemporary poem, and turned in one direction or another according to the fancy of the patron or the mood of the painter. Whether the picture represent Earthly and Heavenly Love, Artless and Sated Love, Venus and Medea, or Laura Dianti at the fountain of love in the forest of Arden, matters little. Love is the subject of the picture; love and its effect as shown in the human face and in the natural world. No contradiction of interpretations can rob us of this conviction or of our intense pleasure in the picture. To this painting—to many of us the very flower of Renaissance art—we may perhaps wisely apply the words of Rossetti in his sonnet on Giorgione's "Fête Champêtre" in the Louvre:

"Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,
Life touching lips with Immortality."

TERESINA PECK.

DIRECTOR RICCI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "S. K.'s" praises, in your issue of October 1, of Dr. Ricci's recent rehanging of the Brera are far from exaggerated, and your readers will be glad to learn that this most competent of Italian gallery directors has just been appointed to the Uffizi, the finest post in his country. As Dr. Ricci, for many reasons that do him credit, is no favorite at Rome, his promotion is a great triumph for honest and able administration.

Truly yours, B. BERENSON.

October 10, 1903.

Notes.

Among Charles Scribner's Sons' fall publications may be first mentioned some popular editions of costly works, as Michel's 'Rembrandt,' Opdycke's translation of Castiglione's 'Book of the Courtier,' Brown's Life of John Addington Symonds, and Longfellow's 'Cyclopædia of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant.' Other announcements are Senator Hoar's 'Autobiography of Seventy Years,' in two volumes; 'Reminiscences of the Civil War,' by Gen. John B. Gordon; 'The American Natural History: A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America,' by William T. Hornaday; 'Freedom and Responsibility,' by Arthur Twining Hadley; 'The Makers of Hellas: A Critical Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Ancient Greece,' by E. E. G.; 'Central Asia and Tibet,' by Sven Hedin; an extra volume of Hastings's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' with collateral articles and indexes; 'A Literary History of Scotland,' by J. H. Millar; 'The Renaissance in England: Six Englishmen of the 16th Century,' Mr. Sidney Lee's American university lectures; 'Old London Silver: Its History, its Marks, and its Makers,' by Montague Howard; 'Colonel Carter's Christmas,' by F. Hopkinson Smith; Poems by Josephine Daskam; 'A Nonsense Anthology,' by Carolyn Wells; 'The Celestial Circus,' by Oliver Herford; 'The Weaker Sex,' cartoons by Charles Dana Gibson; and 'John S. Sargent,' sixty reproductions in photogravure after this artist, with a critical introduction from the pen of Mrs. Alice Meynell.

'Warwick Castle and its Earls, from Saxon Times to the Present Day,' by the Countess of Warwick; 'Shakspere's Homeland,' sketches of Stratford-upon-Avon, the Forest of Arden, and the Avon Valley, by W. Salt Blessington; and 'Note-Book of an Adopted Mother,' by Eleanor Davids, will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co.'s new "Contemporary Men of Letters Series" will lead off with 'Bret Harte,' by H. W. Boynton, and 'Walter Pater,' by Ferris Greenslet. We are to have, besides, 'The Musical Guide,' a dictionary, by Rupert Hughes; and 'The Home,' by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Brentano's will issue 'The Art of Heraldry: An Encyclopædia of Armory,' by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies.

'Talks to Students on the Art of Study,' by Frank Cramer, and 'The Modern Speech New Testament,' by Richard Francis Weymouth, will be brought out directly by the Baker & Taylor Company.

Fleming H. Revell Company will market in this country the Puritan edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with thirty-one illustrations by Harold Copping.

'Our Friend the Horse,' a manual by Frank Townsend Barton, will soon be brought out by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Grafton Press announces 'Waes Hael,' being a collection of toasts by Edithe Lea Chase and Capt. W. E. T. French, U. S. A.; 'Months and Moods,' a fifteen-year calendar,' by Edward Curtis; and 'Our Political Degradation,' by Rush C. Hawkins.

A posthumous work by the late eminent engineer, George S. Morison, 'The New Epoch as Developed by the Manufacture of Power,' will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde) have nearly ready 'The Origin and Growth of the English Colonies and of their System of Government,' by H. E. Egerton.

Six years before his death, Leo XIII. appointed Count Soderini to prepare a documentary history of his pontificate. Unrestricted access to the material in the several archives of the Vatican has been granted to the Count, who announces that the work will be ready for publication some time in 1904. It will appear simultaneously in Italian, English, French, and German versions.

The *Neues Tageblatt* of Vienna reports that the Austrian Academy of Sciences has voted the sum of 4,000 florins to Dr. Rudolf Walker, a privat-docent in the University and one of the librarians, for the purpose of preparing a new edition of the letters of Æneas Sylvius. The editor has been engaged on this work since 1899, having made several journeys to Italian libraries, during which he found a large number of hitherto unknown letters of the great humanist. This is to be a thoroughly critical and complete edition in four volumes, and will appear on the fifth centennial of the birth of Æneas Sylvius, October 18, 1905.

Two critical editions of Goethe are being published in Germany at present, one, a jubilee edition of the house of Cotta, to be completed in fifty volumes; the other, an edition in thirty volumes issued by the Bibliographical Institute of Leipzig. Together they contain the results of all the Goethe researches in recent decades. Rather singularly, 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' has been issued simultaneously in each series, both from the pens of recognized specialists; Alfred Dove being the editor of the Cotta volume (the 28th). In general, the literary and historical introductions and notes

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of the Leipzig edition are more purely objective than those issued by the rival house, but both represent the finest Goethe scholarship of the day.

Black's guide-books to the British Isles are famous. The firm's latest publication, 'What to See in England,' by Gordon Home (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan), is an attractive and handy volume. It will appeal peculiarly to the American tourist on a literary or antiquarian pilgrimage. London is the starting-point of all the expeditions; a sketch map shows the twenty-nine more important railway stations by which one can leave that city. The book is especially adapted for the visitor who should find himself doomed to spend a Sunday in London during July or August, the most lugubrious experience of all that the tourist must encounter; Mr. Home's week-end trips will open up many avenues of escape. His plan is to devote two pages to each place of interest; that on the left giving useful information about railway fares and points of departure, with a brief historical description, while the right-hand page is a photograph or sketch. About 150 castles, villages, ruins, and seaports are thus dealt with, the trips beginning with a half hour's run to Harrow, and lengthening by degrees till one is tempted as far as the Border. The illustrations are partly photographs, partly Mr. Home's sketches, and are well reproduced.

From Charles Scribner's Sons we have received the eighth edition of Baedeker's 'Norway, Sweden and Lenmark,' and the twentieth of his 'Switzerland,' a proportionate popularity which speaks well for the more Northern playground of Europe.

The same firm sends us a handsome new edition of Henry Van Dyke's 'Little Rivers,' with eight fantastic tinted designs by F. V. Du Mond, of which the last is far and away the best, representing with much imaginative and decorate force the transformation of a dryad into a white birch. Messrs. Scribner have just added to the well-known "Outward Bound" edition of Kipling's Works the 'Just So Stories' and his new volume of poems, 'The Five Nations,' whose contents we have yet to review. In connection with George Newnes, London, they add to the Caxton handy and ornamented series of thin-paper reprints the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, Charles Whitehead's romance, 'Richard Savage,' and Leigh Hunt's 'Dante's Divine Comedy: The Book and its Story,' and to the smaller "Pocket Classics" the Duchess of Newcastle's 'The Cavalier in Exile.' In connection with Chapman & Hall they continue the Edinburgh edition of Carlyle's writings with his 'Wilhelm Meister' translation—three volumes in one, and compact indeed.

The method of Mr. Clifton Johnson's 'Land of Heather' (Macmillan) is much that of his former books. He wanders through the country, living as far as possible with the humbler people, and fixes with pen and camera all he sees and hears. His style is a very simple one, except when he essays a bit of picturesque history; it is full of the most elaborate details, and descends not unfrequently to a Wordsworthian plainness. Yet it would give a pleasing sense of secure accuracy were there not here and there little slips which show defective observation, and a tendency toward over great trust in what the traveller is told. Thus, for example, he has never apparently noticed white heather (p. xi). "Every Scot wears his 'bonnet' in his own house," he tells us on page 26; the fact being that a pious, old-fashioned Scot will eat bare-headed even in the open air. The Scotch teinds, again, are not a tax, even indirect. The last point is illuminative on Mr. Johnson's sources; they were evidently strongly Free Kirk. So, too, as to his information on the bibulous habits of the clergy of the Established Church (p. 235 f.); it, in truth, is "a little surprising, to say the least." After this to learn that the minister "reads the marriage service" (p. 84), and that the people of Galloway are close kin to the Irish (p. 250), does not matter much. The pity is that Mr. Johnson has really a very pretty gift for simple, natural description of the life of the people, and can touch it with sympathy and humor of a quiet type. With greater patience and care and less credulity he could have written a far better book.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan adds to the list of his numerous publications a first volume entitled 'Types of Canadian Women' (Toronto: William Briggs). This work, which embraces more than three hundred and fifty biographical sketches, is profusely illustrated, and contains notices of many ladies, such as Dorothy Dix, who have been but remotely connected with Canada. Whether it is desirable to publish such books at all must remain a matter of taste. This much at least can be said in Mr. Morgan's favor, that he has a wide acquaintance with Canadian biography, and that he has selected his "types" in a spirit of candor. On the other hand, the language of his biographical notes is rather turgid, and at times his copious quotations from the newspapers seem almost ludicrous. The illustrations are taken in the main from photographs, and have been clearly reproduced. The most cursory examination of this book shows that it belongs in the literature of gossip; but Mr. Morgan's gossip is not ill-natured, and his portraits, with their text, will probably possess some interest for those who have a personal knowledge of Canadian life.

'Stuart Tracts,' edited by Mr. C. H. Firth (E. P. Dutton & Co.), consists of tracts already printed in Arber's 'English Garner.' The value of it lies in its cheapness, and in the comments that Mr. Firth passes upon the several tracts. Of the sixteen texts here reprinted, the longest and also the most important is the 'Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere.' This celebrated English general, the elder of the "Fighting Veres," whom Mr. Julian Corbett has recently called "the greatest of the Elizabethan soldiers," served chiefly in the Low Countries, but also took part in the capture of Cadiz and the expedition to the Azores. Though by no means unmindful of his own reputation, he gives technical descriptions of strategic operations in an impersonal way; and even when describing the battle of Nieuport, where he won a great personal triumph, his object, as Mr. Firth says, is "to state a military problem and to show how it was solved." Other famous tracts in this volume are Carey's 'Account of the Death of Queen Elizabeth,' Overbury's 'Observations,' Peeke's 'Three to One,' Morgan's 'Progress in France and Flanders,' and Pitman's 'Great Sufferings.'

The attention of our readers was called to the two first volumes of 'Allchin's System of Medicine' (Macmillan). Volumes iii. and iv., treating respectively of the nervous system and of various important subjects falling under the head of internal medicine, make an equally favorable impression with their predecessors. In all composite text-books there are inequalities and gaps, and all short text-books are bound to be a little dry. Nevertheless, the views given in these essays represent the best English thought, and are bound to be of value to the students in our schools. The introductory chapters in volume iii. on the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system are remarkably fine.

The German marine year-book 'Nauticus,' for 1903, gives an account of the progress made in China in the publishing of newspapers. Until a few years ago barely half-a-dozen important newspapers were issued in the Chinese language. To-day every large city, however remote, has its journals. These usually contain—besides the imperial edicts—extracts from the Pekin periodicals, editorial articles, and a special section devoted to European and American affairs and affording much enlightenment regarding foreigners and their ways. There is even a daily illustrated paper for children, which, reformers hope, will prove an ally to their cause. Nor do the conservatives any longer tabu the press. Even in the city of Hunan, where, shortly before the recent war, an edict was issued against the sale or reading of any periodical literature, there is now printed an excellent daily paper in behalf of the mandarin cause. The Empress is said to devote part of her time daily to hearing Prince P'u-lun read to her the most important newspapers of Pekin, Tientsin, and Shanghai.

The Society of the Red Cross in Japan, which publishes its literature in French, besides furnishing a well-illustrated pamphlet of 150 pages, with a map of its stations, diagrams of the two hospital ships *Saviour* and *Mercy*, and a report of its work in time of war (China, 1894-'95 and 1900) and peace, has issued an illuminated broadside showing its various medals and insignia. One of these latter commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Society, which, both financially and socially, is one of the most flourishing in the empire. The latest pamphlet, of ninety pages, covers the work of 1901 and 1902, and with it is a smaller one containing the Articles of Association in English. Flood, fire, inundation, the breaking of dykes (in which Japan is very much like Holland), the destruction wrought by volcanoes and earthquakes in the islands of the empire, give abundant work to the Society. Incidentally this literature is a sure sign of the quiet but real revolution already wrought in the manner of dispensing public succor. It reveals a transfer of function from what was once paternal and despotic to that which is private and voluntary, thus acting powerfully as a means of national education.

The Asiatic Society of Korea sends forth Volume II., Part I., of its Transactions (New York: G. E. Stechert). Dr. H. T. Jones furnishes a long-needed paper, which sheds vast light on the hitherto dark literary history of the peninsula, and reveals a shining link between the culture of China and early Japan. For 500 years past, the dominant literary force in Korea has been Confucianist in its philosophy and teachings. Such literary activity as thus pre-

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vailed has been influenced and controlled by the sages of China. Enjoying royal patronage, a school of numerous and industrious writers has been able to exclude all rival or heretical competitors and to mould to their own standards the literature of the Korean people. The founder of this school was Choe Chi-wun, born A. D. 859, in the old kingdom of Shinra, or Silla. After absorbing as much of the rising Confucian cult as was accessible at his own home, he went to China and spent many years at Singan in Shen-si, the capital of China during the Tang dynasty, and the most interesting city, historically, in China. Serving both as soldier and scholar, Choe returned to Korea in 886 with high purposes and plans. After serving in public office, he became a recluse, and is popularly believed to have been a daily companion of the mountain gods. From Maurice Courant's monumental work, 'Bibliographie Coréenne,' Dr. Jones reprints the notes on Choe Chi-wun, which the *Korea Review* reinforces. Choe was canonized in 1020, and, in all, sixteen Koreans have in line with him received literary and orthodox canonization. These all helped to make Korea Confucian. The supremacy of Confucianism as a school in Korea dates from the founding of the present dynasty A. D. 1392.

A veritable numismatic storehouse has recently been unearthed in the old city of Oreos on the island of Eubœa. The treasure consisted of more than a thousand specimens, mostly silver coins, and among them a number of *unica*. The dates varied from the time of Alexander the Great to the second century before Christ. The bulk of this find has been deposited in the numismatic collection at Athens.

—It is possible that some of our readers may be old enough to remember when 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' in Ackermann's edition, was a favorite boy's book. Of this now almost forgotten work, Messrs. Appleton have brought out a new edition with reproductions of the famous colored illustrations by Rowlandson. In point of fact, the book was written for the illustrations. Thomas Rowlandson, one of the cleverest of English humorous designers, who, in addition to original genius, had enjoyed the advantages of a thorough artistic training in both London and Paris, had offered the publishers of *Ackermann's Repository* (the leading art journal in London at the beginning of the last century) a series of comic drawings representing the adventures of a travelling schoolmaster, and they engaged William Combe to write a poem to bring them in. This Combe was a sort of respectable literary free lance, who had had a very checkered career. He was born in 1741, studied at Oxford, and then plunged into fashionable society in London, where he shone for a while as a leader of the *beau monde*. His fortune squandered, he lived what in the seventeenth century was called a "skeldering" life, now a private soldier, now a waiter, and even a cook—at least, so it is said. Then he turned his hand to literature, to which he stuck for the rest of his long life. He was almost always in debt, and not seldom in a debtors' prison—in fact, he wrote his 'Dr. Syntax' in the rules of the King's Bench. He was a prolific writer, and no less than eighty-four works of his are known—probably not all, as he never wrote under his own name. If Combe had no very great talent, he had vivacity and fluency, and it may be said to his credit that both his life and his writings were free from any taint of immorality or even of coarseness. He was sixty-eight years old when he wrote 'Dr. Syntax,' his most popular work, and eighty when he wrote his last book, 'Johnny Quæ Genus' (also republished by the Appletons). These books were well worth republishing, if not because they amused our grandfathers, at least for the clever illustrations.

—Little need be added to the simple announcement of a new, two-volume edition of Yule's 'Marco Polo' (Charles Scribner's Sons). Always a book unique in its class, perfect in its method, exhaustive in its details, nearly thirty years have passed since its last (the second) edition appeared, and it has been long practically unattainable. Now, even after these thirty years and all the wealth of exploration and study that have gone into them, the corrections by the editor, M. Henri Cordier, professor of Chinese history in the École des Langues Orientales Vivantes and a distinguished Marco-Poloist, are almost *nil;* and his additions, while often rich and full, are additions strictly, and show how securely and with what prescience Sir Henry Yule planned his great work. There are few books in a growing subject, thirty years old, which could stand this test. M. Cordier, too, is to be congratulated on the exemplary diligence, discretion, and devotion which he has shown. His personality is carefully repressed, and his additions exactly indicated. Among these, besides a multitude of little notes scattered throughout the volumes, are an appendix of lengthier notes, many additional maps and illustrations, an elaborate bibliography of Marco Polo's book, and a bibliography of Sir Henry Yule's own writings. To the whole is prefixed a memoir of Sir Henry Yule by his daughter. And now it is for the libraries, to so many of which this work has hitherto been inaccessible, to add it to their treasures.

—Two sumptuous volumes of no little biographical interest have just been put forth for private circulation by his Majesty's printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode. The first of these and 100 pages of the second contain the memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering, while the main part of the second volume contains extracts from the now perishing record left by her father, John Spencer Stanhope, of his travels on the Continent and his imprisonment under Napoleon. The late Mrs. Pickering lived to be almost eighty years old, and died at the end of 1901. During the last two years of her life, while battling against infirmities, she wrote down for her children, partly in full and partly as disjointed memoranda, these memoirs of her long life. As to her father's account of his travels and imprisonment, it was not published with the result of his researches in Greece, although written out at his dictation in five or six volumes of MS., partly by his wife, and partly by his daughter. "I well remember," says Mrs. Pickering, "the interest which they roused in me at the time, and, having recently obtained an opportunity of reperusing them, I found this interest revived to such an extent that I decided to make copious extracts from them, and to partially save them if possible from the fate which is rapidly overtaking them through the fading of the ink as the years roll on." This resolve Mrs. Pickering carried out by excerpting from one-third to one-half of the whole—all that concerns her father's experiences in Spain and in France; and these excerpts are printed at the end of her own memoirs. Taken in connection with the uniformly entertaining reminiscences of him, and the many delightful letters from him (more especially those to his mother) which abound in Mrs. Pickering's record of her own life, these extracts from Mr. Spencer Stanhope's journals form a tolerably complete biography, not less interesting because it is informally presented instead of being drawn out into the conventional two volumes, and is interwoven with the life experiences of his daughter.

—The name of the author, John Willis Clark, vouches for the accuracy and competence of the text of 'Cambridge: A Concise Guide to the Town and University, in an Introduction and Four Walks'; and the publishers (Macmillan & Bowes of Cambridge) are to be congratulated on its excellent form. Compactness, combined with legibility, and a sufficiency of illustrations adapted to the proper elucidation of the text characterize this little volume, which, though less than five by seven inches, and not a quarter of an inch thick, including the neat and serviceable flexible cloth binding, contains 200 pages of text matter, with index, a useful map, and seventy-six illustrations, besides a portrait of the genial author. The type is large and clear, and the printing, although not up to the very best examples of India-paper impressions, has been well managed, notwithstanding the great thinness of the paper. No one visiting the beautiful university town can afford to be without this useful little companion, nor with its help could fail to come away with clearer impressions and greatly more detailed and accurate knowledge of the things seen. With its authoritative authorship and satisfactory make-up, it is a good example of the ideal guide-book, such as it is to be hoped will ultimately supplant the present forms of travellers' companions. The price should also be noticed because of its reasonableness.

—The present social conditions of the Jews in Germany are interestingly revealed in Conrad's 'Jahrbücher für Nationalöconomie und Statistik.' Of the 7,500,000 Hebrews in the world, Germany shelters 570,000. They are not gaining on the Christians, as is commonly supposed, but actually constituted in 1900 only 11.4 per 1,000, as against 13.3 per thousand in 1880, of the total population. The percentage of births has suffered a startling diminution; in the period 1820-1866 the number of births to every thousand Jews was 37.70; in 1878-'82 it still was 30.32; whereas in 1893-'97 it fell to 22.5, as against 38.15 among the Christians in this last period. The *Frankfurter-Zeitung* is inclined to attribute this to the Malthusian tendencies of growing prosperity. Jewish families of twelve or fifteen, such as were numerous half a century ago, have practically disappeared; the average number of children per Jewish marriage, in the period 1895-'99, was only 2.98, as against 4.21 among the Christians in

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the same period. There is also an increasing tendency to mixed marriages, in which the Jewish element is usually absorbed by the Christian. In 1895, only 24.47 per cent. of the children of mixed marriages were Jewish, and nearly all the children of such mixed couples marry Christians. In the matter of divorces there is no increase because of mixed marriages; and the doctrine that such marriages normally result in smaller families and a less robust progeny is not borne out by the figures. As regards employment, 54.56 of the German Jews follow commercial pursuits, as against only 0.04 per cent. in agriculture. Of the women and girls, 21.97 earned their own living in 1895, as against 15.94 per cent. in 1882. The vast majority of all Jews live in cities. Berlin has 92,206, as against only 18,859 in 1861. Frankfort, Posen, Mannheim, and Breslau exceed Berlin in the proportion of Hebrews in the population. Of Jewish children, 41.34 per cent. take high-school courses, while in Prussian universities they constitute 9.32 per cent. of the students. Criminologically considered, murder is committed by Jews with remarkable infrequency; most of the crimes committed by them grow out of commercial conditions.

—It is well to be reminded occasionally how essentially modern is the recognition of freedom of conscience, if only to put us on our guard against a recrudescence of the persecuting spirit which is slumbering rather than dead. A valuable study in this direction is afforded by the latest work of M. Eugène Hubert, the indefatigable professor of history in the University of Liège, entitled 'Le Protestantisme à Tournai pendant le XVIIIe Siècle.' Based upon minute researches in the archives, it shows how the little Protestant communities which survived in Austrian Flanders were gradually extinguished, and how the Edict of Toleration of the enlightened Joseph II., in 1781, was rendered nugatory by the local authorities and the fanaticism of the Catholic population. At Tournai, where a little Calvinist community preserved its existence through the presence of a Dutch garrison under the Barrier Treaty, it virtually disappeared when that treaty was annulled. The Government of the United Provinces did what it could by threatening reprisals on the Catholics of Holland, but this was often insufficient. The account of the Tournai congregation is supplemented by an interesting sketch of the little Protestant community of Rongy, which had managed to survive the horrors of the Tribunal of Blood, but which was subject to incessant petty persecutions. It seems strange to read that it was deprived of the poor privilege of a cemetery in which to bury its dead, who had to be interred in the gardens of the houses; and when a small corner of the public burying-ground was set apart for them, a corpse was dug up and cast out. The pastor who came occasionally to perform the duties of marrying, baptizing, and administering communion was obliged to do so furtively to escape ill-usage, and when a license was obtained from the Emperor to erect a small building for worship it was prevented on the most frivolous pretexts—one of them being that the singing would disturb the rites in the Catholic church, although they were sixteen hundred feet apart. In spite of all this, the little group of worshippers remained faithful, although it was deprived of a pastor from 1802 to 1817. M. Hubert's statements are substantiated by a wealth of documentary material gathered from all accessible sources, and although they may be considered primarily as a contribution to local history, they have a wide-extended application.

NAPOLEON'S RULE IN GERMANY.

Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship: Germany. By Herbert A. L. Fisher, M. A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. New York: Henry Frowde. 1903.

It may be thought in some quarters that Mr. Fisher is guilty of an improper eclecticism when he passes from the Mediæval Empire to the era of Napoleon. The mediævalists, at least, always look askance at one who, having entered their field, is decoyed from it by the allurement of recent events. But whether or not Mr. Fisher would have done better to confine his attention to a restricted portion of the Middle Ages, it certainly seems to us that this book is more mature and more thorough than its predecessor. While 'The Mediæval Empire' was recommended by gifts of style and by its treatment of the imperial administration in Germany, the portion of the work which dealt with Italy was comparatively thin. The present study of Napoleonic administration draws its data from a wider range of material, and, from the nature of the case, admits of more incisive treatment. In the preface the author says: "I have begun with a volume upon Germany, in the hope that I may be encouraged to complete the work at some future date by further studies of Napoleonic statesmanship in France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium." So far as encouragement can be given from without, Mr. Fisher deserves well at the hands of the reviewers.

Rome has a church for every day in the year, and Germany, on the eve of the French Revolution, possessed an equal number of political jurisdictions. It is an historical commonplace that Napoleon, by his wars and his reallotment of territory, reduced the petty states to a more reasonable figure, but none the less the Confederacy which emerged from the campaigns of the Empire embraced thirty-nine members. Making all possible allowance for consolidation, there is still room enough for complexity and confusion to arise in a modern account of Napoleon's German policy. At first glance the most interesting period appears to be that which lies between the battle of Austerlitz and the peace of Tilsit, embracing as it does the formation of the Rheinbund, the overthrow of Prussia, the creation of the Grand Duchy of Berg, and the establishment of the Kingdom of Westphalia. These are all outstanding events, and Mr. Fisher gives them the prominence which is their due; but he also finds space for special chapters on Napoleon's attitude towards Germany during the Directory and Consulate, on Hanover, the Grand Duchy of Frankfort, the Hanseatic Towns, and the Rhine Departments. As for Austria, Mr. Fisher points out that Napoleon eliminated her from Germany as early as 1806, leaving that distracted and disorganized country divided between Frederick William of Prussia and himself. Thus a few main threads are kept in hand and the narrative is preserved from congestion of facts.

The clue to Napoleon's policy towards Germany is to be found in his dictum that every state is a political creation. This conception had virtually prevailed during the last days of the old régime. Not only had the partition of Poland shown how states can be dismembered by politics, but the general traffic of the diplomatists in souls and square miles gave wide currency to the same idea. This notion, so opposed to the political tendencies of the nineteenth century in its middle years, Napoleon developed to its legitimate conclusion during the War of the Third Coalition, when allies and governments alike succumbed beneath the hammer of his attack. To give Murat a grand duchy after Austerlitz or Jerome a throne after Tilsit, was equally advisable and natural. The Germans, in Napoleon's conception, were a tame and stupid people, who admired royalty as much as they lacked imagination and decision. What they needed at Düsseldorf and Cassel was a court, whether French or German it mattered little. The appointment of natives to subordinate places in the civil service was considered a sufficient sop to local prejudice. Such a state of mind will account for any number of geographical antics. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the Napoleonic states had one stronger basis than could be afforded either by a great victory or the political inexperience of the Germans. Wherever the tricolor flew, there was established the Code, and the Code offered appreciable compensation for levies and cantonments.

One of the leading facts which Mr. Fisher enforces and illustrates is that of Napoleon's alliance with the German princes rather than with the peasants. In France, under both the First and Second Empires, the case was otherwise. There Cæsarism rested on confiscated lands, peasant proprietorship, and those agrarian measures of the Constituent which Napoleon had hastened to sanction. Why did he not follow the same policy in Germany, having tested its advantages at home? Certainly it was not from failure to consider the chances of success, for such a line of action was obvious, and Bacher, an envoy of wide experience in German affairs, actually wrote to the French Foreign Office: "The Confederation of the Rhine will never be consolidated until the majority of the inhabitants of each of the Confederate States have acquired Church property and national domains, or have redeemed their real and personal servitudes at a low price, as well as the greater part of their feudal and seigneurial dues." According to Mr. Fisher's view, Napoleon did not commit himself to the maintenance of French institutions in Germany, and preferred to act through the popularity which the reigning families possessed. The policy of making over confiscated lands to the masses was not free from danger:

"It might," says Mr. Fisher, "have alienated the princes and failed to win the peasants. The authority of Napoleon in Germany therefore depended not upon the interested support of the populace, but upon personal prestige, the force of arms, and the alliance of the ruling dynasties. The clergy who had been secularized, the sovereigns who had been mediatized, the nobles who had lost or feared to lose dues and services, were the natural foes of the new order. Only the princes had been un-

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questioned gainers, and their gains were solid and permanent. At the expense of ignominy, they had purchased power. But the alliance of Napoleon with the princes, though admirably adapted for its immediate purpose, the control of the military forces of Germany, was directly opposed to the cause of liberty, and to all the feelings and tendencies which the French Revolution had encouraged in the thinking class."

Readers of this volume are almost certain to be impressed by the characterization of individuals which it contains, and by the cleverness of its incidental references to German society during the Napoleonic era. We shall not, however, attempt to criticise Mr. Fisher's estimate of politicians or to follow his account of Napoleon's government in states that were directly ruled by members of the Bonapartist dynasty. There are two subjects which seem even more important—the creation of the Rheinbund, and French administration of the Rhine departments. The Confederation of the Rhine represents one of Napoleon's most striking experiments in politics; and it was along the Rhine itself that Germany was most deeply affected by French influence during the Revolution and the Empire. Considered from the purely German standpoint, or perhaps from the standpoint of contemporary politics, the effect of the Napoleonic wars on Prussia (embracing, as it does, the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg) is of more consequence; but Mr. Fisher starts out from Gladstone's statement that Napoleon was the greatest administrator in history, and therefore we shall do best if we select topics which most clearly disclose the Napoleonic hand.

The lack of harmony that frequently existed between the Emperor's profession and intent is well illustrated by the diplomacy of 1805. If we compare his statements regarding Germany in the early part of that year with the text of the Peace of Pressburg, we shall see that he entered the War of the Third Coalition as the defender of the imperial institution against the unscrupulous ambition of Austria, and then followed up the battle of Austerlitz by destroying the Empire altogether. Naturally, the German princes were not in a position to know when Napoleon crossed the Rhine what he would do with Austria after he had overwhelmed her, but few could have trusted his professions of fidelity to the old Germanic body.

It was a strange if not a ridiculous situation. Take, for example, the position of Maximilian Joseph, the Elector of Bavaria. Napoleon offers him as a husband for his eldest daughter, Augusta, Josephine's son the Prince Eugene. The elector is well disposed towards France and so is his minister, Montgelas. The electress, on the other hand, is bound by the closest family ties to Russia and Sweden, hates Napoleon fiercely, and looks to Austria for the protection of the Bavarian frontiers. On September 6, 1805, Austria gave the Elector the choice of joining her or being treated as an enemy. On the 8th he was directed by Otto, the French Ambassador, to leave Munich at once and place himself under Napoleon's protection. The Austrian mandate was unsupported by a show of force. The command of Otto had behind it the divisions of Bernadotte and Marmont. Bavaria, at least, did not throw in her lot with France because the Elector was deceived by fair words about the preservation of the Empire. There was no more escape for Maximilian Joseph than for the Elector of Baden, who bound himself by the treaty of Ettlingen to supply the Grand Army with 3,000 men. Frederick II. of Würtemberg entered the war with considerable zeal, entertained Napoleon at Pforzheim, and conducted a burlesque correspondence with the Emperor during the weeks just preceding Austerlitz—a correspondence in which the writers unite to style the Ratisbon Diet *une misérable singerie*. Singularly enough, the Diet itself did not denounce the French invasion.

"Posts placed round the city of Ratisbon proclaimed the neutrality of the territory in Latin and French inscriptions. The Diet declared itself neutral, it declined to mention the Empire of Germany, it received bulletins from the French camp announcing 'the prodigies which have avenged the Germanic Empire for the invasion of one of its principal members,' it refused to entertain the complaints of the Imperial Knights whom the Princes of South Germany and the allies of Napoleon were now vigorously plundering of their rights."

After Austerlitz a difference of opinion arose between Napoleon and Talleyrand concerning the treatment which Austria should receive. Talleyrand looked back with favor to the time of the Seven Years' War, when France and Austria were allied against England and Prussia. He admitted that the Hapsburgs must lose their Swabian possessions, but he was willing to indemnify them with territory taken from Turkey, and he also advocated the complete separation of Italy from France. The eventual result of this plan would be to make Austria and Russia rivals in the Balkans, to encourage the Asiatic expansion of Russia, and to bring about a collision between Russia and England in the Far East. Such in its salient features was the scheme of Talleyrand. Napoleon rejected it because he thought that a connection with Austria would be less serviceable than one with Prussia, and because he shrank from pushing Russia to the wall by offering Wallachia and Moldavia to Austria. But, though the Emperor was unwilling to accept the counsel of his minister, he hesitated a great deal before he shaped the Confederation of the Rhine. "His restless mind," says Mr. Fisher, "was the despair of his subordinates." During the spring of 1806, "scheme after scheme was devised, corrected, torn up, and thrown into the fire." By the end of April Napoleon had decided to compress Germany into eight states, of which four should be under French control.

"A month later the destruction of the Empire is a settled thing. 'There will be no more Diet at Ratisbon since Ratisbon will belong to the Empire.' All kinds of unexpected side-winds came to perplex the current. At one time the Emperor took it into his head that the Prussian alliance would never be very useful, since Prussia could never command the Sound. That being so, why should not Hanover be restored to England, and Prussia compensated in Central Germany? Then, granted that the Empire was to be dissolved and a new Confederation founded in its place, who were to be the members of the new body?"

Three things the genesis of the Rheinbund shows. Firstly, Napoleon's absolute control of the situation in western Germany; secondly, his invention of a hundred plans for turning Austerlitz to the best account; and, thirdly, his belief in the idea that every state is a political creation.

If Napoleon's administration of Berg and Westphalia became burdensome and finally oppressive, better things can be said of his rule in the German-speaking districts which France had seized in her advance to the Rhine. These four departments (Roer, Rhin-et-Moselle, Sarre, and Mont Tonnerre) comprised regions that had been precious in the eyes of France ever since the days of Richelieu, if not since the reign of Henry II. The early Revolution had realized the unfulfilled ambitions of Louis XIV., and it remained for Napoleon to render the new departments an integral part of France. Prior to September, 1802, when these conquered provinces escaped from a provisional administration, their lot under French Government had been a hard one. The armies of the Convention and the Directory had levied cash contributions to the amount of 150,000,000 francs. Public works were suffered to fall into disrepair; charitable institutions were spared no more than the treasuries of the ecclesiastical electors. For a moment in 1797 Hoche had attempted to initiate reforms, but his sudden death restored the evil régime which had preceded him; and though Rudler did something for the conquered territory besides dividing it into departments, the left bank of the Rhine was suffering from tyranny and chaos when the 18th Brumaire gave it a new master.

With the establishment of the Consulate, the French Rhineland received a better and easier government than it had yet known, nor were the military necessities of the Empire permitted to press heavily upon it. The use of French was encouraged, but not enforced by vexatious laws. For the first time the region was well policed. Special legislation protected the peasantry from the rapacious exactions of Jewish usurers. The Concordat went far toward healing the differences which had arisen from the animosity of the Revolution toward the Church. "It was here," says Mr. Fisher, "that the system of the Empire was seen at its best, repairing material waste, obliterating senseless divisions, driving into a torpid populace its keen and vital energies, and in the ordered structure of French law bequeathing one of the most splendid legacies which a conqueror has ever left to a vanquished province." As a result, Napoleonic rule endeared itself to the Rhenish Germans and was not forgotten during the years of reaction which followed Waterloo.

The essential shortcoming of Napoleon's rule in Germany was that he did not understand the Germans. Mr. Fisher is strongly impressed by this and by his moral deficiencies as a ruler. "With no patience, with no sense of human dignity, with no feeling for the pathos of the common lot, Napoleon lacked the sound and noble gifts which sweeten and inspire public life.' The last paragraph of this able work contrasts the Emperor's conception of Germany with that of Mme. de Staël, very much to the advantage of the latter. 'L'Allemagne,' it is urged, should not be regarded merely as an ideal picture which is rendered valueless by its sympathy and sentiment.

"Rather we should see in these eloquent discourses the fine protest of a generous French heart against the subjection of a simple and laborious people; an appeal from force to conscience, from the mailed tyranny of the later Empire to the ideals of human brotherhood which France had once preached, and which a cruel destiny had caused her to forget."

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Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy: A Judicial Summing-up. By the Rt. Hon. Sir James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. London: Sampson Low; Boston: W. B. Clark Co.

The publication of this book was perhaps chiefly an act of piety toward the eminent lawyer who amused his old age by composing it. Yet, slight as the work is, it will command attention because of its authorship, and it will hold the reader who once opens it—unless he is already sated with the subject—because of its lucidity and its moderation of style. Lord Penzance does not profess to have made any contributions to knowledge or to have brought forward any new evidence. His purpose was to state briefly and clearly, "very much after the fashion of a judicial summing-up," the "arguments upon which the Baconians [think] themselves justified in questioning so fixed and venerable a belief as that William Shakspere wrote the plays which have so long passed by his name." He expressly warns the reader that he has not, after all, summed up *judicially*—that, on the contrary, his essay is "very little short of an argument for the plaintiffs," that is, for the Baconians, so called.

The argument is divided into two unequal parts. The first, which is much the longer, undertakes to show that Shakspere cannot have written these plays; the second deals in a rather gingerly way with the proposition that Bacon *did* write them. On the first point Lord Penzance has no kind of doubt. The negative evidence, which he arranges with much skill, and states, as was to be expected, with considerable force, seems to him quite conclusive. The second point, however, is another matter. Granted that Shakspere did not write the dramas that pass under his name, it is still a terrific task to prove, or to make any progress toward proving, that Lord Bacon, or any other assignable person, was actually their author. This difficulty Lord Penzance feels profoundly, and hence the second part of his book will be a disappointment to the thoroughgoing Baconian.

We see no occasion to thresh out the alleged "question" at this time. We have given Lord Penzance's book thus much notice rather because of the excellence of its form than for anything that is particularly valuable in its contents. We cannot part company with it, however, without expressing our surprise that the learned justice should have written so loosely on the question of literary property in Shakspere's time. Speaking of the publication of the First Folio in 1623, he remarks that "the executors of William Shakspere . . . were of course the only people who were entitled to deal with any manuscript of his," and, in general, he seems to have little knowledge of the relations between playwright and manager or between author and publisher in the early seventeenth century. In view of recent discussions, it is also rather startling to read of Shakspere's "perfect familiarity with not only the principles, axioms, and maxims, but the technicalities of English law; a knowledge so perfect and intimate that he was never incorrect and never at fault." Finally, it is certainly hazardous to draw from an allusion to the gardens of Adonis in "Henry VI." the inference that "William Shakspere (if he was the author) had so far progressed in his studies by .. March, 1592, as to have mastered the Greek language thus early; and that he had pushed his reading in directions not traversed by the ordinary run of classic readers." In short, Lord Penzance's book is another document in proof of what ought to be the self-evident proposition that questions of literary history are questions for experts.

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini. Written by Himself. Translated out of the Italian with an Introduction by Anne Macdonell. Two volumes. (The Temple Autobiographies.) London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The Temple Autobiographies, a new series which promises great entertainment, could not do better than to begin with Benvenuto Cellini's life of himself. In some respects it is the most astonishing of all autobiographies. Neither Pepys nor Rousseau surpasses Cellini in unblushing frankness, nor does any one else approach his record of startling adventures. His two volumes contain material for a dozen Dumas romances. They are as interesting to the reader in search of mere excitement as to the historian or to the psychologist. If no other documents remained, they would enable us to reconstruct the society of the Italian Renaissance during the first half of the sixteenth century. But it is late in the day to do more than call attention anew to a work whose unique value no one disputes.

Any series of autobiographies had of course to include Cellini, and since the late J. A. Symonds's translation was presumably unobtainable, the editor had to procure a new version. He certainly was fortunate in his choice of a translator, for Mrs. Macdonell has produced a translation which seems to us not inferior to Symonds's. That is saying a great deal, for Symonds succeeded in giving not only an accurate rendering of the text, but also much of the flavor and spirit of the original, with the result that few foreign masterpieces are so adequately represented in English. Possibly, a seventeenth-century translator might have found racier equivalents for some of Cellini's Tuscan colloquialisms, and the whole book would have had that air of careless ease peculiar to the age before the philologist had superseded the gentleman and scholar; but, on the whole, Symonds is undeniably excellent, and only such a publisher's need as we have hinted at could justify a rival translation.

A careful comparison, sentence by sentence and section by section, of Mrs. Macdonell's work with his fails to reveal any marked difference in quality. She is as accurate and as pleasant to read as he. Her vocabulary never runs dry, and, as she is rather less anxious than he to achieve literary finish, she often comes nearer to reproducing the happy-go-lucky syntax of the original. Cellini laughs at the rules of rhetoric. He expresses himself after his own fashion, let the construction be conventional or not. He uses words gathered anywhere—from the lips of popes, grandees, poets, artists, courtesans, blacklegs, guttersnipe. And fortunately Varchi, a great man of letters, to whom he submitted his manuscript for correction, had the good sense to let it alone, so that posterity possesses in it one of the few world masterpieces not whittled down or softened or retouched to conform to a literary standard. Cellini's translator, therefore, must divest himself as far as possible of literary proprieties; yet he must not appear grotesque—for Cellini never is that, he is simply natural and colloquial. He tells us, indeed, that he dictated most of his memoirs while he was at work in his studio to a boy of fourteen, and the style, which resembles vivid talk rather than writing, confirms this statement. It may be that Symonds is a little too smooth, too literary; and in this respect Mrs. Macdonell excels him. She is not less scrupulous than he in giving an unexpurgated version, and the notes which she supplies, though brief, are sufficient for the cursory reader. Whoever desires fuller information will naturally turn to the Italian editors. Mrs. Macdonell's introduction does not aim at such biographical and critical exhaustiveness as are to be found in Symonds's essay, which is one of his best. Symonds aptly characterized Cellini as a blend of bravo and artist; Mrs. Macdonell is hardly less apt in describing him as "a kind of travesty of the Nietzschian *Übermensch*, terrifying his contemporaries, and raising a smile on our faces only because we are looking on from the safe distance of centuries."

A word may be added on the make-up of these volumes. In size and shape they are handy, and the type, though not large, is clear; but we regret that the running headlines of the pages give no clue to their contents—the title of the book being repeated without variation—and that the text was not broken up into chapters. At first handling, a volume of 275 pages without a break, and with no devices except the occasional number of a new section at the beginning of a paragraph, seems a little forbidding. The fact that the original manuscript was not arranged in chapters does not excuse this neglect. Many Elizabethan plays, as first printed, had no acts, scenes, or stage directions; but it would be folly now not to avail ourselves of these aids to clearness and convenience, and in the case of Cellini's Life some of the best modern Italian editions do subdivide the text in chapters and add a table of contents for each. Mrs. Macdonell's full index of proper names only partly compensates for this lack. There are several pictures of Cellini and his contemporaries, and two of his statues.

Practical Journalism: A Complete Manual of the Best Newspaper Methods. By Edwin L. Shuman. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

The reader will find this an entertaining volume, no matter what view he takes of journalism. It has a quality of its own, an aim of its own, and a style of its own, and tells so much about "the inside of a metropolitan newspaper office" that it might answer with most students instead of a course in Journalism at any of the universities where such courses are, or are to be, established. If we examine it with care for the purpose of seeing how far the substance of it would be fitted to form part of the curriculum of a university, we must say that it is rather difficult to make out what the answer to the question should be. The chief subjects discussed are "Positions and Salaries," "How a Reporter is Educated," "The Reporter at Work," "Plan of a News Story," "How the News is Gathered," "Edi-

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tors and their Methods," "Qualifications for Journalism," "The Sunday Supplement," "In the Artist's Room," "Women in Newspaper Work," "A Chapter on Errors," "Writing Advertisements," "Filling the 'Ad' Columns," "Editing a Country Paper," "The Law of Libel," and "The Law of Copyright." Ninety-nine-hundredths of all this relates to practical details which can be learned only by actual experience in a newspaper office, and the rest belongs to already well-established branches of study. The law of libel and of copyright as affecting newspapers cannot be mastered without going into the whole subject of libel and copyright, which would be part of a course of legal study. What the author calls "Errors" relates to the use of language, and comes under the head of grammar, rhetoric, or composition. For instance, the "importance of learning to spell and punctuate," dwelt upon in this chapter, cannot be exaggerated, but this is not specially an essential of a journalistic education. Again, it is no doubt necessary that one who draws for a newspaper should understand the "news end" of a picture (ch. x.), but how he is to learn this through any course of instruction is hard to see. The author tells us, and we are quite willing to believe it, that the practice of supplementing bald statements of fact with the "necessary details," by means of the imagination, is widespread in the world of journalism; but how the true theory of this art can be evolved so as to be taught, we do not know. The author observes that "the ethics of the subject may be left to the individual reader"; but this is a mistake. The ethics of the subject are well enough understood, but they would seem likely in the future university to lead to a conflict between the chair of Morals and that of News.

On the whole, this volume, which is full of valuable hints and suggestions, rather tends to demonstrate that journalism is as much a trade as a profession, and still more an art, to which one is born, or not, as the case may be. If chairs of it are established, there ought to be subsidiary chairs devoted to its greater and more important branches. Then the generous youth could take, if he liked, Advertising 4, or News 3, Society 2, and so on. Ours is the age of specialization. Such courses of electives would, we are satisfied, "draw" wonderfully, and bring in a plentiful supply of cash to many a needy university. Meanwhile, such a manual as Mr. Shuman's will answer very well for the sucking reporter of our day, who, as a rule, is still obliged to learn journalism as best he can in a newspaper office, and without attending any course of lectures at all.

Monna Vanna. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. I. Du Pont Coleman. Harper & Brothers. 1903.

"Monna Vanna" was put on the stage in Paris in the spring of last year, with Mme. Leblanc in the title rôle. It had a better reception than was given to "Joyzelle" this spring, and is a far more effective play. In "Monna Vanna" Maeterlinck abandons his favorite device of repetition of unessential phrases of the dialogue, and the atmosphere of a concealed and gloomy tyranny or a sinister fate, which pervaded the earlier plays. The conception of the military adventurer who is ready to betray his side and spare a starving city for the sake of a woman within the walls, is not new. But Maeterlinck does not depend on novelty of incident or plot. His interest is wholly psychological; the question, for him, being not what, in a given case, a man will do, but why he will do it, what sort of soul, what comprehension of other souls he will reveal in his acts or words or gestures. What he may *do* is unessential; the essential is to understand nobly, to believe to the last, in any case to forgive.

In "Joyzelle" it was the heroine whose powers of comprehension and loyalty were put to the test—*l'épreuve*—the word is the keynote of the later plays; she proved triumphantly that, through all the disguises of sin, disease, and death, she could discern and adore the soul of Lancéor. In "Monna Vanna" it is the hero who is tried, and by "a grief that should not be within the experience of man." Guido's is not the soul to stand such a test. When Vanna (his wife) declares that she is ready to sacrifice herself to redeem the starving Pisans and to go to the camp of Prinzivalle, Guido cries out that she never loved him and must already be false in heart. When she returns unharmed, leading Prinzivalle, who for her sake and without reward has betrayed Florence and saved Pisa, Guido refuses to believe her story. He has had two opportunities of comprehension and has missed both. Vanna, finding it hopeless to convince him and seeing that Prinzivalle is doomed, reverses the situation with a suddenness and completeness worthy of a play of Sophocles. She easily convinces Guido that her first story was a lie to save his pride, and claims as her vengeance the right to slay Prinzivalle with her own hands; to him she whispers that they will escape together. One must lie since one is not believed, and one must follow the man who comprehends. "Ah!" cries Vanna with an irony that is lost on Guido, who thinks she has beguiled Prinzivalle into Pisa with false promises, "what fools men are! It is right to deceive them; they adore falsehood."

As a foil to the suspicions of middle age or the cruelty of youth, Maeterlinck regularly introduces an aged man whose sight is clear, whose toleration is infinite, who forgives all because he understands all. Like the father in "Pelléas and Mélisande," Marco in the present play fills the part of a Greek chorus which can only warn in vain and interpret to deaf ears. He and his like are the mouthpieces of the Maeterlinckian philosophy on the stage; their wise and pitying views of life echo the fine sayings of "La Sagesse et la Destinée."

A play of Maeterlinck loses little by being translated. It would be hardly possible to fail in reproducing his short, simple sentences, always most simple when most profound. The present version has no faults that we can discover except, on page 142, a slight departure from the original in the stage directions, where the omission of the name of Prinzivalle in the translation obscures the meaning.

Autori Italiani d'oggi. Da Laura Gropallo. Turin and Rome: Casa Editrice Nazionale, Roux & Viarengo.

The authors of to-day treated in this volume are five in number—Antonio Fogazzaro, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Matilde Serao, Giovanni Verga, and Gerolamo Rovetta; all novelists, though four of the five are either poets or dramatists in addition, and one, Gabriele D'Annunzio, is equally well known in all three branches of literature. One might wish that other novelists had been included: De Roberto and Capuana, the veteran De Amicis, or even Edoardo Calandra, whose literary baggage is indeed far from voluminous, but includes one work of the first importance. Still, the choice made is fairly representative, and to have treated others with similar wealth of detail would have swelled beyond reasonable bounds a volume already bulky.

Signorina Gropallo has approached her task with all seriousness and in a spirit of impartiality that is worthy of high praise. She is a follower of Sainte-Beuve and Taine; she seeks first of all to know all about her subject, the influences to which he has been subjected, the origins of his inspirations, and the relations of his work to these. She is more solicitous to know than to judge; or, rather, she wishes to found her judgment upon the widest possible knowledge, the most searching investigation. She is well equipped for her task with reading, and she is perfectly in earnest and fair-minded. The result is a volume of the highest value to the student of Italian contemporary literature.

At the same time we wish our author had called her work an essay in conscientious criticism rather than in scientific criticism. The former would simply mean that she has striven to give the most complete and the fairest judgment in her power, and would in so far have been perfectly descriptive of her achievement. As for scientific criticism, the name is, in our opinion, not very happily chosen. At best, it indicates a disposition, an intention, rather than a realization. That which is so called has so many affiliations with dogmatic criticism that it seems not worth while to deny the relationship, and that it would be better to limit its pretensions to being the best of the family—with modern spirit and modern equipment. At present its distinguishing idea appears to be that the origins of a man's work are to be sought in the work of his predecessors, in his surroundings, in various influences that have been brought to bear upon him; and this idea Signorina Gropallo has applied with such success in illumination as it is capable of, though it must be owned, on occasion taking it for more than it is worth—an evil almost inseparable from its use.

Her treatment of Fogazzaro is an instance of both the strength and the weakness of the system. Fogazzaro, by the way, would seem to be indicated, if ever a writer was, for the application of such a system. There are half a dozen or so of principles from which he starts, the sources of his inspiration are in very great part easily recognizable; the scientific critic has but to enumerate these, show how they would be affected by the natural course of development, and lo! there you have the author's work mapped out and fully explained. Signorina Gropallo has done this with a thoroughness that leaves nothing to be desired. It must be confessed that she has also at times overstepped the limits of her theory, and has recognized qualities that are not to be accounted for by the Rosminianism, the Darwinism, the mysticism, or any other of the constituent forces that

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have produced the writer. She has not quite overlooked the fact that he has an individuality. In 'Malombra' there are

"beautiful pages that yet diminish the harmony and vivacity of the romance. . . . The book is too rich in delightful observations, in definitions, in sayings now caustic, now delicate, always subtle, that gush spontaneous and fresh from the lips, the thought, the heart of the interlocutors; so that this inexhaustible prodigality overwhelms us like a too abundant fountain. We would like a soberer art, a more organic construction externally and internally, and, in a word, a better disciplined choice of romantic materials."

Setting aside the effect produced upon the critic by this sparkling abundance, the observation is quite true, and we are grateful that something individual should have been recognized in Fogazzaro, something outside of all that has gone towards making him up. But it is not enough. Fogazzaro has a quality very rare among Italian writers, that of humor. For us, Northerners by birth and with the Northern instinct unsubdued by any number of years of Latin contact, it is this quality that brightens his pages, and, together with the serenity that is its product, makes them delightful beyond almost anything in modern Italian literature. As a consequence, the most painstaking study of Fogazzaro which yet fails to render ample justice to this one grace of his, must seem to us to lack something essential, something that puts a spirit into the bones of the skeleton; and this is the reproach, the sole one, we make to the first essay in Signorina Gropallo's work.

Her succeeding chapters, on Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilda Serao, seem to us more successful. They are, indeed, quite admirable, full, searching, and of a judicial impartiality. She carries us with her when she shows that the one is above all things a lyric poet, while the other remains a journalist, although so great that our critic does not hesitate to accord her a niche in the temple of fame alongside of George Eliot and George Sand. The analysis of the works of the two is masterly, as is the discrimination between their qualities and their limitations. There are pages (as, *e. g.*, 123-124) that are so just and so sufficient that one would like to quote them entire. One is restrained by the reflection that there are so many other pages that have an equal claim to the honor.

The two remaining writers treated, Giovanni Verga and Gerolamo Rovetta, are less striking figures. Verga, as the author of 'I Malavoglia' and "Cavalleria Rusticana," is known to all the world. The careful analysis given by Signorina Gropallo of his other works leaves the impression that fame has in his case been just, and has trumpeted abroad all that is of superlative quality. Still, such a novel as 'Mastro Don Gesualdo' amply repays perusal by the student of literature. In the case of Rovetta we think that Signorina Gropallo has again overstrained her system in referring all the writer's qualities to one dominant characteristic. Rovetta's vocation as a playwright does, indeed, give shape to some of his work as a novelist, but not by a long shot to the extent that our critic would have us believe. In point of fact, were it not for her system, and that Signorina Gropallo has herself written plays, we doubt if she would ever have discovered this ruling trait in reading the novels of Rovetta.

A chapter in conclusion gives an exposition of the principles which are the foundation of the author's critical work. It might be objected to this exposition that it really was not necessary to go so conscientiously to the very root of the matter, that there are certain things that any reader will allow his author to take for granted. Indeed, the worst fault of the book—we do not wish to imply that it is a very grave one—is that it is more conscientious than lively. A little lighter touch, an air a trifle less magisterial, might have won many a recalcitrant reader; nevertheless, the student who is in earnest to know about current Italian literature will have no cause to regret the time spent over Signorina Gropallo's pages.

What is Meaning? By V. Welby. Macmillan Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 321.

The Principles of Mathematics. By Bertrand Russell. Vol. I. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903. 8vo, pp. 534.

Two really important works on logic are these; or, at any rate, they deserve to become so, if readers will only do their part towards it. Yet it is almost grotesque to name them together, so utterly disparate are their characters. This is not the place to speak of Mr. Russell's book, which can hardly be called literature. That he should continue these most severe and scholastic labors for so long, bespeaks a grit and industry, as well as a high intelligence, for which more than one of his ancestors have been famed. Whoever wishes a convenient introduction to the remarkable researches into the logic of mathematics that have been made during the last sixty years, and that have thrown an entirely new light both upon mathematics and upon logic, will do well to take up this book. But he will not find it easy reading. Indeed, the matter of the second volume will probably consist, at least nine-tenths of it, of rows of symbols.

Lady Victoria Welby's little volume is not what one would understand by a scientific book. It is not a treatise, and is free from the slightest shade of pedantry or pretension. Different people will estimate its value very differently. It is a feminine book, and a too masculine mind might think parts of it painfully weak. We should recommend the male reader to peruse chapters xxii. to xxv. before he reads the whole consecutively, for they will bear a second reading. The question discussed in these chapters is how primitive men ever came to believe in their absurd superstitions. This has generally been supposed to be the simplest of questions. Lady Victoria does not deign to mention La Fontaine's pretty fable (the sixth of the ninth book; the whole of it is worth rereading if you have forgotten it) of the sculptor and his statue of Jove:

"L'artisan exprima si bien
Le caractere de l'Idole,
Qu'on trouva qu'il ne manquoit rien
A Jupiter que la parole.

"Même l'on dit que l'ouvrier
Eut à peine achevé l'image,
Qu'on le vit frémir le premier,
Et redouter son propre ouvrage.

. . . . . .

"Il étoit enfant en ceci:
Les enfants n'ont l'ame occupée
Que du continuel souci
Qu'on ne fâche point leur poupée.

"Le cœur suit aisément l'esprit.
De cette source est descendue
L'erreur Payenne qui se vit
Chez tant de peuples répandue.

. . . . . .

"Chacun tourne en réalités
Autant qu'il peut ses propres songes.
L'homme est de glace aux vérités;
Il est de feu pour les mensonges."

La Fontaine's theory is somewhat complex, and allows more to the artistic impulse than modern ethnologists have done. They make mythology rather an attempt at a philosophical explanation of phenomena. But the authoress shows by a painstaking analysis that all such theories—La Fontaine's and the new current ones alike—are fatally irreconcilable with those traits of the primitive mind that have struck Tylor, Spencer, and ethnologists generally, as the deepest graven. In place of them she offers a hypothesis of her own, and the reader is tempted to lose patience with her for regarding it only as provisional, so strongly does it recommend itself, until she presents quite another view which one must admit has its plausibility.

The greatest service the book can render is that of bringing home the question which forms its title, a very fundamental question of logic, which has commonly received superficial, formalistic replies. Its vital and far-reaching significance has been even more ignored than usually happens with matters of universal and ubiquitous concern. To direct attention to the subject as one requiring study, both on its theoretical and on its practical side, is the essential purpose of the work. But in doing this the authoress has incidentally made a contribution towards the answer to the question, in pointing out three orders of signification. She has wisely abstained from any attempt at formal definitions of these three modes of significance. She tells us what she means only in the lowest of those three senses. To have gone further would have shunted her off upon a long and needless discussion.

One can see, though she does not remark it, that her three kinds of meaning correspond roughly to Hegel's three stages of thought. Her distinction, too, partly coincides with what was long ago said, that to understand a word or formula may, in the first place, consist in such familiarity with it as will enable one to apply it correctly; or secondly, may consist in an abstract analysis of the conception or understanding of its intellectual relations to other concepts; or, thirdly, may consist in a knowledge of the possible phenomenal and practical upshot of the assertion of the concept. We might point out other interesting affiliations of her thought, sufficient to show that she must be upon the right track.

Lady Victoria, however, does not wish the matter to be agitated in the logician's study alone. She urges that people do not sufficiently take to heart the ethics of language. She thinks that modern conceptions call for a modern imagery of speech. But we fear that she does not realize how deep the knife would have to go into the body of speech to make it really scientific. We should have to form words like those the chemists use—if they can be called words. In particular, she preaches making logic—"significs," she calls it, but it would be logic—the basis or core of education.

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All those ideals deserve to be pondered. The book is very rich in illustrations drawn from contemporary writing.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen and Greenough's New Latin Grammar. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Andrews, Charles M. A History of England. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.50.
Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Report of the United States National Museum. Year ending June 30, 1901. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Anthony, Geraldine. Four-in-Hand. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Barnett, S. J. Elements of Electromagnetic Theory. The Macmillan Co. $3.
Barr, Amelia E. The Black Shilling. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bartlett, William H. The Parliamentary Pathfinder. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 45c. net.
Benson, E. F. The Relentless City. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Bigelow, Poultney. History of the German Struggle for Liberty. Vol. III. 1815-1848. Harpers. $2.25 net.
Blowitz, Monsieur de, Memoirs of. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.
Böhm-Bawerk, Eugene von. Recent Literature of Interest. The Macmillan Co. $1.
Bolles, Albert S. Money, Banking, and Finance. American Book Company.
Booth, Charles. Life and Labour of the People in London. Second Series: Industry. Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V. New ed. The Macmillan Co. $2 per vol.
Booth, Maud B. After Prison—What? Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Bourrienne, F. de. Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Bradley, A. G. Highways and Byways in South Wales. The Macmillan Co. $2.
Brady, Cyrus T. In the War with Mexico. Scribners. $1.20 net.
Brassington, W. Salt. Shakspere's Homeland. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.
Brereton, F. S. Foes of the Red Cockade. Scribners. $1.20 net.
Brereton, F. S. In the Grip of the Mullah. Scribners. $1.20 net.
Brooks, Geraldine. Romances of Colonial Days. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.
Brown, Caroline. On the We-a Trail. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Browning, Robert. Pippa Passes. (The Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50c.
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Volume II., D—G. The Macmillan Co. $6.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. Brother Jonathan. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.
Byron, Lord. Shorter Poems. Edited by Ralph H. Bowles. The Macmillan Co. 25c.
Carman, Albert R. The Pensionnaires. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.50.
Carter, Samuel T. The Transfer Tax Law of the State of New York. The Banks Law Publishing Co.
Chamberlin, Wilbur J. Ordered to China. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
Chambers, Robert W. Orchard-Land. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Cheever, Harriet A. Gipsy Jane. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1 net.
Cheever, Harriet A. Lord Dolphin. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 40c. net.
Christie, Nimmo. The Black Chanter. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Clark, D. Kinnear. The Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.
Coleman, S. E. Physical Laboratory Manual. American Book Co.
Coleman, Walter M. Physiology for Beginners. The Macmillan Co. 40c.
Coleman, Walter M. The Elements of Physiology for Schools. The Macmillan Co.
College Entrance Examination Board. Examination Questions. Ginn & Co. 60c.
Comstock, Anna B. Ways of the Six-footed. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Congreve, William, The Plays of. (Mermaid Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribners. $1.00 net.
Cotes, Mrs. Everard. The Pool in the Desert. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Cripps, Wilfred J. Old English Plate. Eighth edition. Scribners. $6 net.
Crooker, Joseph H. Religious Freedom in American Education. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Cross, M. I. and Cole, Martin J. Modern Microscopy. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.
Cuchulain of Muirthemere. Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. Scribners. $2 net.
Curry, S.S. Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible. Introduction by Francis G. Peabody. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Dickens, Charles. Great Expectations. (The Fireside Dickens.) London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d. net.
Dickens, Charles. Little Dorrit. (The Fireside Dickens.) London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. net.
Dillard, J. H. Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald. American Book Co.
Dix, Beulah M. Blount of Breckenhow. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Dodge, Mary M. Baby Days. The Century Co. $1.50.
Donehoo, James de Q. The Apocryphal and Legendary Life of Christ. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Douglas, Amanda M. A Little Girl in Old St. Louis. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Dresden, B. Mack. German Composition. American Book Co.
Dunbar, Paul L. In Old Plantation Days. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Duncan, Norman. The Way of the Sea. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Egremont, Godfrey. Verse. Great Kills (N. Y.): Mab Press.
Erskine, John. The Elizabethan Lyric. (Columbia University Studies in English.) The Macmillan Co.
Fernald, Chester B. Under the Jack-Staff. The Century Co. $1.25.
Financial Red Book of America. 1903. The Financial Directory Association. $10.
Fisher, George P. An Unpublished Essay of Edwards on the Trinity. With remarks on Edwards and his Theology. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.
FitzGerald, Edward. Polonius: A Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances. New York: Scott-Thaw Co.
Flower, Elliott. Nurse Norah. James Pott & Co. $1.
Francis, J. G. A Book of Cheerful Cats. The Century Co. $1.
French, Lillie H. Homes and their Decoration. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.
French, Lillie H. My Old Maid's Corner. The Century Co. $1 net.
Garland, Hamlin. Hesper: A Novel. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Gay, Arthur. Over the Black Coffee. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Gay, Arthur. The Little Tea Book. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Gayarré, Charles. History of Louisiana. Fourth edition. 4 vols. New Orleans: F. F. Hansell & Bro. $10 net.
Glyn, Elinor. The Damsel and the Sage: A Woman's Whimsies. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Gower, Lord Ronald S. Michael Angelo Buonarroti. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Green, Samuel B. Principles of American Forestry. New York: John Wiley & Sons; London: Chapman & Hall.
Haggard, Lieut.-Col. A. C. P. Sidelights on the Court of France. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.
Hale, William G., and Buck, Carl D. A Latin Grammar. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Jonson, Ben, The Plays of. Vols. I., II., and III. (Mermaid Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribners. $3.00 net.
King, Charles. An Apache Princess. The Hobart Co.
Kipling, Rudyard. Just-So Stories. Scribners. $2 net. Subscription only.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Five Nations. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Five Nations. Scribners. $2 net. Subscription only.
Kirtland, John C. Ritchie's Fabulae Faciles. Longmans, Green & Co.
Lawton, William C. Introduction to Classical Greek Literature. Scribners. $1.20 net.
Lewis, Charlton M. Gawayne and the Green Knight. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Long, John L. Sixty Jane. The Century Co. $1.25.
MacClintock, Samuel. The Philippines. American Book Co.
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Nasmyth, James, and Carpenter, James. The Moon. New ed. James Pott & Co. $2.
O'Reilly, Eliza Boyle. My Candles, and Other Poems. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.00 net.
Pearson, Henry C. Latin Prose Composition. American Book Co.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Hetty Wesley. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
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Shear, S. R., and Lynch, Margaret T. The Baldwin Speller. American Book Co.
Sturgis, Russell. How to Judge Architecture. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Thackeray, William M. Sketches and Travels. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.
The Woman's Library. Vol. III. Nursery and Sick-Room. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Thwing, Charles F. A Liberal Education and a Liberal Faith. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
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Trust Companies of the United States. United States Mortgage and Trust Co. $2.
Turgénieff, Iván. I.-II. Memoirs of a Sportsman; III. Rúdin. A King Lear of the Steppes; IV. A Nobleman's Nest. (Fifteen volumes in the edition.) Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Introduction by Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons. Each $2 net (cloth).
Van't Hoff, Jacobus. Physical Chemistry in the Service of the Sciences. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago.) University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Walmsley, R. M. Modern Practical Electricity. 3 vols. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.
Warwick, The Countess of. Warwick Castle and its Earls. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Whiteing, Richard. The Yellow Van. The Century Co. $1.50.
Widows, Grave and Otherwise. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1 net.
Williams, Egerton R. Hill Towns of Italy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Wood, Henry. The New Thought Simplified. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 80c. net.
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